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A Memo to Hubert

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TRB

from Washington
April 17, 1976

Song and Dance

Hubert Humphrey is talking. He bubbles with energy. He is only 10 minutes late to an hour's breakfast, which is prompt for him, and he won't begin till he has savored the bacon and eggs. He has immediate rapport with the 20 or so reporters at the long table.

Yes, he says, "I would accept the call of my party." But no, he isn't an active candidate. Mr. Ford? "The President is a decent guy . . . but my Uncle Fred is a decent guy," he chuckles. "He shouldn't be President." There is no malice in him. Jimmy Carter? "He has mastered the media, and I admire that," he says. He refers to a recent newspaper Q-and-A with Carter: "the best I've seen," he says appreciatively.

He can no more stop rolling adverbs than a stone can stop rolling downhill; the public, he says, is weary of primaries—"politically, economically, morally, emotionally, eh, eh, physically." There, that's five, a typical Humphrey burst.

But he doesn't like the anti-government line some candidates are taking; the people who attack "Washington." That evokes irritation; it is a code word, he says, for opposing things he has worked for: aimed at "social programs, the poor, the cities, the underdogs," (he hunts for synonyms) "the blacks. The people who say programs have failed are the ones who stabbed them in the back." As he talks he builds ire; the attacks on Washington are a "disguised form of racism."

Reporters cock their ears like bird dogs in a field. Who's he talking about? Carter has been anti-Washington; is he calling Jimmy a racist? Dear me, no! says Hubert uncomfortably, but that's the way the story comes out and Jimmy fires back, hot and heavy. Humphrey as a candidate, Carter asserts, is too old, has a "loser's image," has had unsavory contributions. It is surprisingly heavy-handed.

So now it's a week later and journalists and guests are arriving at the big hotel for the annual Gridiron Club dinner that will have its 91st showing tonight. The men look like black beetles converging in a downtown street, in tail coats from all directions, on foot, at the Statler-Hilton. Fifty years ago formal attire included top hats, but that ended when FDR rode to his inaugural in an open car with Herbert Hoover. Now haberdashers have been renting tail coats and wing collars for a fortnight. And guests who have spent $25 to hire a suit save a checkroom fee by walking from their cars to the party without a topcoat in full regalia, to the edification of a curious citizenry already craning for the rumored arrival of the President of the United States.

The skits are funnier for having Jerry Ford right there in the big room laughing at himself, and there at the head table, about a block long, is Jimmy Carter. Glamour, if there is such a thing in Washington politics, suffuses the huge place, with the Marine Band orchestra playing and a nearly all-male audience. One actor takes the part of Hubert Humphrey and goes through an inspired line from "Ol' Man River"—"I keep on talking, I keep on talking, I don't say nothing, I keep on talking—along."

They love it, Hubert. They are laughing at everybody's favorite, and they do it with affection. There's a song praising "Betty" too, and Mrs. Ford unexpectedly comes on stage with a swirling evening gown and graceful soft-shoe dance. Now it's time for the responses to the skits. They are supposed to be whimsical. Carter first.

Here's danger for a public figure—particularly one reckoned among the Godly—for they will always be suspect among the less devout of being *unco gude*; so it seemed in Carter's ferocious attack on Humphrey. The Gridiron performers anticipated this in a skit: a character representing Jimmy has just sung, clothed in robes and with a tinsel halo wired to his head. Eyes turn on the former governor. It is a test.

He waits at the lectern and gives an imitation of himself, unveiling his dentifrice smile and wheeling around left to right like somebody spraying a lawn. The timing is good. Everybody laughs. It's funny.

There follows a string of one-liners, which a candidate can buy from a gagman at so much a yard (or compose himself), and some of them are pretty good. Rather gracefully, too, he retreats from that attack on Hubert: the senator had seemed "too old," he says in effect, when he attacked racism, but when it developed that his targets were Ronald Reagan and Jerry Ford, Humphrey (Carter explains) suddenly seemed a lot younger. A small joke, maybe, but a kind of apology, too; the audience gratefully responds; it seems Jimmy has a sense of humor buried in there somewhere with all that piety. A relief . . .

Nations change leadership variously. Through the impenetrable mystery of the Orient, China went through a wall-poster power-struggle to see if deputy premier Teng Hsiao-ping would succeed Chou En-lai. He didn't.

In the United States, by processes almost as mysterious, we select a President. It takes a year, includes 31 primaries and two convention spectaculars, appropriate name-calling, and total expenses of around $400 million. (Abe Lincoln spent 75 cents in his election to Congress.)

England has just changed prime ministers in a chummy procedure that took three weeks. The 317 members of the Parliamentary Labor party in the Commons who knew the candidates best selected the one they wanted, something like the plan the Founding Fathers had in the Electoral College. In Britain the leadership change may provoke a national election before long but that will be mercifully short, too—two months.

The American campaign has been featured so far by the ferocious attacks on foreign and defense policies by Ronald Reagan and the consequent wavering of President Ford to the Right. It seems likely now that Henry Kissinger will be a sacrifice on the Reagan altar and, at times, in some of Kissinger's pronouncements on Angola and Cuba, he gives the impression of being rattled. President Ford has abandoned the word "détente." It is no credit to Mr. Ford or to the American political process that a lightweight like Reagan can be taken seriously. The campaign is unsettling America's foreign policy at a critical moment, and vote-catching cries that we are falling behind Russia in defense are scaring the timorous. We'll be lucky to avoid hysteria before it's over.

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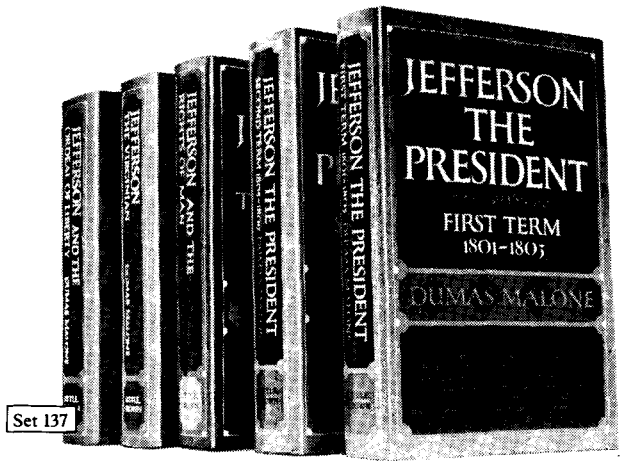

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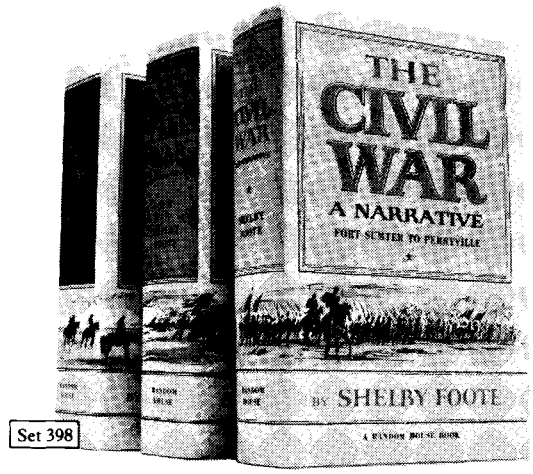

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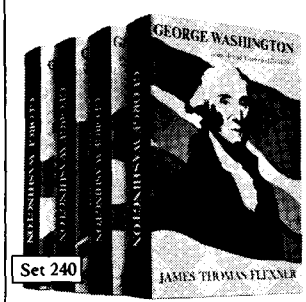

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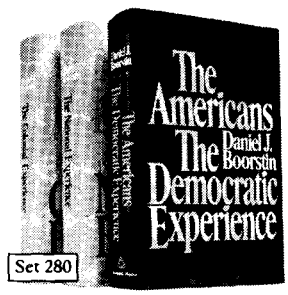

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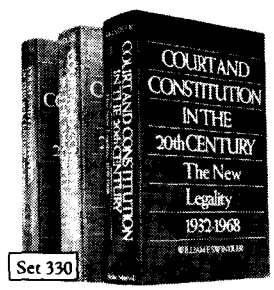

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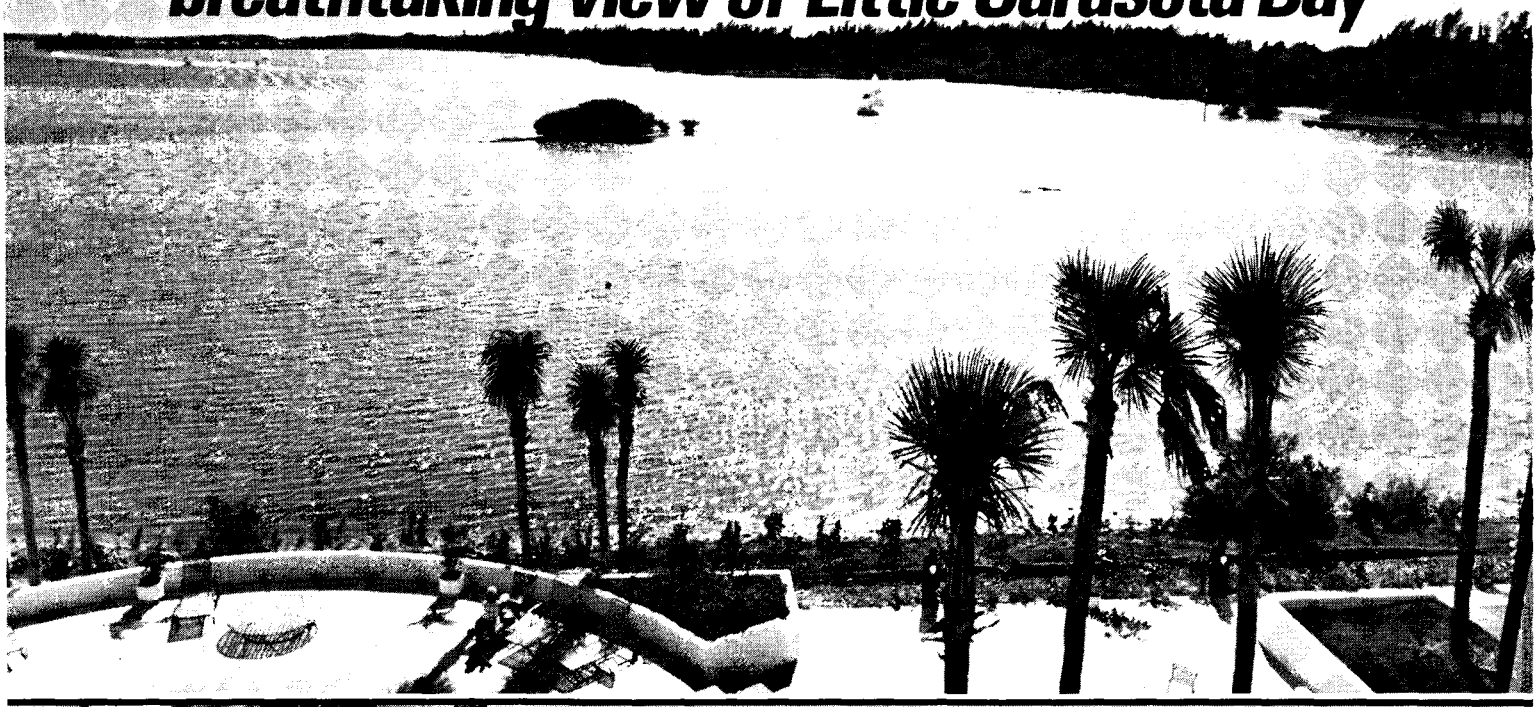

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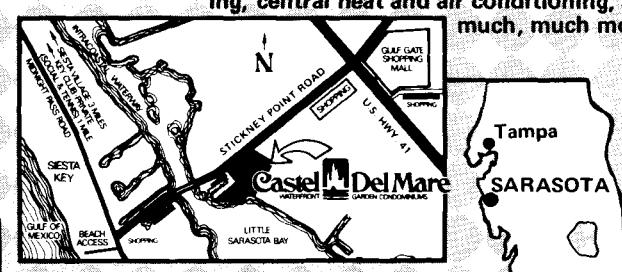

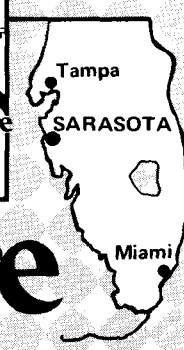

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Crossroads Ahead

It's hard to tell whether April 6 was anyone's day at all. It might have been Mo Udall's what with his surprisingly strong showing in New York and the early returns from Wisconsin. The disappointment is much the greater now: between sleeping and waking fell the shadow of Carter's squeak-through win: one percentage point ahead, one delegate more than Udall.

It wasn't Jimmy Carter's day either. Coming in fourth behind "uncommitted" in the second most populous state can hardly be an encouragement. This is the second primary Carter has lost, the first being Massachusetts where he also placed a dismal fourth; both are states the Democrats must win in November. Had he really trounced Udall in Wisconsin, the New York result might not have mattered so much; and Carter would have gone on to the April 27 skirmish in Pennsylvania for the head-to-head with Scoop Jackson he's been hoping for all along. As it is, it's still a three-man race: Carter, Jackson, Udall.

This is good news for Jackson, who was as leery of a one-to-one confrontation in Pennsylvania as Carter was eager. Jackson was not much of a factor in Wisconsin (though he gained a handful of delegates there), and he did well where it counts, in New York, adding a hefty 107 delegates to his total. But he did not do as well as he had predicted and the press—which does not wish him well—will continue to remind its audience of his own standards of success. On the other hand, many of the uncommitted slates, put together by party organizations in upstate cities, which are prematurely being assigned to Hubert Humphrey, may drift to Jackson, if his campaign stays afloat past May and the Minnesota perennial keeps to the sidelines.

Penultimate gloom had just about set in among Udall supporters before these two major primaries, and much of this is now dissipated. If Jackson had some unexpected success in black and Puerto Rican areas, Udall repeated his Massachusetts achievement of getting a handsome share of Jewish voters. (What will it take to kill the myth of the monolithic Jewish vote for Jackson?) Moreover, Udall has run a strong second in every race he has contested seriously, and it is at least arguable that awful campaign decisions by his brother Stewart may have robbed him of what might have been his first victory. Had he won in Wisconsin . . . well, he didn't. In any case, he must do creditably in

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Pennsylvania—probably on very little money in a state where politics costs a lot. It is beginning to look like there will be, at a minimum, in Madison Square Garden enough sturdy liberals committed to Udall to be reckoned with as the platform is written and the designee finally chosen.

Carter probably did as badly as he did in New York because that state's politics tends to be rather more ideological than others; Carter in fact seems rather pleased that, as he put it on television, there is no defining ideological composition to his vote. He made no inroads among Wisconsin's more sophisticated liberals. Paradoxically, given his role as the Wallace slayer, but inevitably, given his pose as the anti-government candidate, he inherited much of the constituency of the resentful, and he'll get more of these if he continues to pitch for maintaining the ethnic purity of neighborhoods. The polls tell us the most important reason people give for voting for Carter is that they think he can win. Now that Ford seems more and more secure in his own party—but why when Reagan keeps scoring within two and five points in primary after primary?—and in the country, being perceived as a winner may be a more significant asset for a Democratic candidate than any other identification he can make with voters on issues.

That, however, is Carter's trap. If he's to win in the cavernous sports arena in Manhattan come July, he will have to sustain a winning streak. He's given no thoughtful voter any reason more substantial to want him to win the next primary except that he'd won the last one. Notwithstanding the grudging victory Wisconsin's voters gave him, Carter's winning image is now dented. Pennsylvania may then make him or break him. But both Jackson and Udall have supporters who believe in what they believe, and organizations to mobilize their stalwarts. The identification of these candidates with particular issues and attitudes, however, may turn out to be their undoing, circumscribing their potential reach. Certainly that appears to be true for Udall who is being inordinately punished by labor for past views similar to those held by Carter while he was governor, but which some liberal unions now seem willing to overlook.

Jackson has tried to focus attention on both his liberal record on domestic economic issues and his foreign policy views. The former explains what he calls his "lunch-bucket" support; the latter cuts him off from the party's liberals, though Russian attacks against him can only help even with them. Yet just as people began to see him in more balanced perspective, while campaigning in the New York primary, he indulged himself in an ugly attack on homosexuals.

As it turned out, Wisconsin and New York were not the great crossroads of the '76 campaign. Perhaps Pennsylvania will be that. In the meantime, one effect of the inconclusive results is to keep Hubert Humphrey in the on-deck circle, ready to go.

Memo to Hubert

As Sen. Humphrey made his non-campaign trips to Wisconsin and New York and as Jimmy Carter's presidential bandwagon continued to roll on, Washington was abuzz with former Humphrey aides, supporters and sympathizers plotting strategies and options for their mentor. I have recently come across several of these would-be campaign managers, some of whom have been hatching plans since 1960, and, based on my conversations with them, I've constructed the following composite of their advice to Sen. Humphrey. Of course not all the Humphrey strategists would agree with every detail of what follows.

A lot of things have changed since about a year ago when we all concluded that you could sit out the '76 primaries and still win the Democratic nomination. It is obviously time to reassess some of our old assumptions.

Your strategy, we decided, would be based on the premise that with more primaries this year, each candidate would enter only some contests, thus scattered victories would mean little; federal matching funds and proportional representation would keep the field crowded and lead to a factionalized and brokered convention. George Wallace, we figured, would have a quarter or a third of the delegates, including at least half of them from the South. Jimmy Carter was written off as the Comet Kohoutek of 1976, at most (along with Terry Sanford and, perhaps, Lloyd Bentsen) a regional antagonist of Wallace and maybe an attractive potential vice-presidential nominee. We also assumed that Wallace would use the Democratic primaries to make ready for a third-party race, that his delegates would be utterly loyal to him, that they might walk out of the convention but in any case, they'd be "non-brokerable," that is, available to no one else for the nomination. Our best mathematicians figured that this took us back to the pre-1936 era, to *de facto* two-thirds rule. With Wallace's delegates removed from the totals, it still takes 1505 votes to nominate, or approximately two-thirds of the delegates remaining. Under such conditions, with none of the active candidates coming close to a first ballot nomination, we assumed that the convention would be ready to turn to an old favorite, a man who remained above the fray but who had scored continually well in the polls, who could command the loyalty of the old Democratic coalition and who had become acceptable to many who had opposed his candidacy in 1968 and 1972. In short, you, Hubert.

Let's look at how things worked out and take stock. Jimmy Carter defied everyone's advice but his own and entered every state primary. Nearly every place he's run he's won some delegates; he has all but eliminated George Wallace, and he will surely have a majority of the South's delegates. Moreover, the field of candidates got small much faster than anticipated. Proportional representation had no impact at all, and with matchable

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money very hard to raise and the Federal Election Commission irresponsibly tied up by Congress, matching funds made no appreciable difference in prolonging the candidacies of Milton Shapp, Lloyd Bentsen, Sargent Shriver, Terry Sanford and Birch Bayh. Without the money and volunteers energized by the Indochina issue, the only thing that seems to sustain a candidacy this year is winning. Carter is definitely the frontrunner, with the air of a winner, and with momentum sustained by his early primary wins.

Now, with Wisconsin and New York behind us, there are still 22 primaries to go, but proportionately fewer delegates remaining to be elected than at this time four years ago because 378 delegates from Massachusetts and New York were selected earlier this year. That diminishes your flexibility. Carter, with his momentum, is rapidly closing on you in the polls; the latest Harris survey shows you are still ahead—except in the South, among Protestants, and with the young.

Udall's showings in Wisconsin and New York were good enough only to ensure that he'll be around for the Pennsylvania vote on April 27. That keeps things ambiguous a while longer, and prevents the race from coming down to a head-to-head Jackson-Carter contest too soon. That is in your interest. George Meany, Al Barkan and most of the AFL-CIO crowd are still adamantly against Udall. On the other hand, though they haven't counted for too much this year, Jackson remains anathema to the liberals. Udall and Jackson delegates are negotiable only through you. The McCarthy-Kennedy-McGovernites will in the end prefer Carter, whom they don't know, to Jackson, whom they do. Once they perceive the alternatives as Carter and Jackson, they will go to Carter in droves and then it will be all over. Jackson knows that; which is why he hoped Udall would win Wisconsin. Carter knows it too. That's why he worked so hard to beat Udall in Wisconsin and settled for fourth in NY.

There are many reasons for you now to get into the fray, but one of the most compelling must be the way Jimmy Carter plys his anti-Washington rhetoric. If there is substance to his message, it escapes me. That Carter himself recognizes it to be a finely-tuned code word, subtly racist in content, is indicated by his reaction when you suggested as much three weeks ago. Jackson's strident anti-busing, pro-Pentagon rhetoric will ultimately leave him isolated; he is not nominatable. Mo Udall has tried, but he seems neither able to dissect Carter's message nor communicate his own, which is basically very much like yours. If, indeed, it does come to a Jackson-Carter contest after April, consider the twaddle our party will carry to America in this Bicentennial year. You cannot carry the mainstream Democratic message from the sidelines; not, at least, with any great impact.

But things aren't all that bleak. Contrary to the popular notion that "you can't run no one against someone," uncommitted delegates have been doing pretty well this year. Carter is the only active candidate running consistently in all the caucuses, so of course he is picking up votes, but "uncommitted" has beaten Carter in nearly every caucus state thus far. In South Carolina, Mississippi, Iowa, Oklahoma, Maine, Virginia, Kansas, Alaska and Hawaii the total now stands: Uncommitted 142; Carter 70. Those uncommitted delegates are the sorts of people sympathetic to your candidacy—party regulars and labor mostly. But they are also pragmatic and impatient.

So far the evidence is inconclusive on the favorite son situation. In Illinois, Carter did better than expected against the Adlai Stevenson slates, but that was partly because the Stevenson people overfiled and diluted their own vote in some downstate districts, and partly because Stevenson flatly refused to campaign for the delegates bearing his name. Mayor Daley had no trouble electing his quota out of Chicago, and presumably the other favorite sons—Jerry Brown, Peter Rodino, Robert Byrd and Wayne Hays—will have sense enough to campaign for their own slates.

In general, things have not turned out at all as anticipated, and you will probably not be able to hold to the old strategy. It won't be enough to encourage uncommitted delegates to stay loose, to give tacit assistance to Mo Udall and make a speech here and there where delegates are running pledged to you without your approval. I know you have already taken some steps. Bob Short, the former treasurer of the Democratic party, has the go-ahead to begin contacting delegates on your behalf. Sen. Walter Mondale and Gov. Wendell Anderson are ready to head the Humphrey for President Committee, and Illinois Congressman Paul Simon is set to do a mass mailing for a "Draft Humphrey" movement. All that is fine as far as it goes, but you may have to make some definite moves toward an active candidacy if it is ever going to get off the ground. With the $1000 limit on individual contributions there is no way to run without matching funds, and to qualify means raising $5000 in each of 20 states; that will take time, and a finance committee cannot move without your explicit authorization.

I know that many of your friends believe that anything you do to step up your own candidacy will look meddlesome and like part of a cabal against Carter. Certainly Carter will play it that way. But, keep in mind that by staying out you inevitably help him, and the later it gets, the more delegates he will have and the more it will look like an effort to "stop Carter."

If you act now, it can still be done on your own terms. At this point, no one is conceding Carter even 1000 delegates; he is by no means a certain first ballot nominee. You are still the choice of rank-and-file Democrats in the polls, but there is an appetite for a winner out there, and Carter is gaining very fast. Late last month, NBC polled the Democratic state chairmen: the results were Humphrey 66 percent, Jackson 12

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percent and Carter two percent. Jimmy Carter is not the favorite of the Democratic establishment around the country or in the Congress: *you* are. All the governors, senators and congressmen will be *ex officio* delegates and on the floor at Madison Square Garden. If you get active now and do well, they'll be able to swing some weight in their delegations and help broker the outcome. The longer you wait, the less likely it will be that your candidacy will be a positive one. In a few weeks, the only alternative will be to run a divisive stop-Carter movement through the credentials committee the way the stop-McGovern operation was run four years ago.

If you become an active candidate now, you will surely provoke some criticism. Carter has already complained that you are too old and have a loser's image. But you still have some options. You are already listed on the ballot in Nebraska, Oregon and Rhode Island. If you're fast about it, you can still file in Idaho, New Jersey, Nevada and authorize a slate of delegates in South Dakota. There are 231 delegates at stake in those states; that's not a bad start, and you can campaign actively for uncommitted delegates who "lean toward Humphrey" in a dozen more states. By moving now, you can forestall some of the liberal unions from drifting to Carter in the coming primaries; Leonard Woodcock and Jerry Wurf want to back a winner this year. Moving now would also soften up Scoop Jackson's support in the upper reaches of the AFL-CIO, and it would dispell the arguments of those who believe that for the convention to turn to someone who sits out all the primaries would pervert the supposedly open nominating process.

It is late, but you still have a chance. After a few more weeks of telling people how happy you are just being a senator from Minnesota, your options will be foreclosed. Then, you will have to rely on folks like Robert Byrd, Lloyd Bentsen, Dick Daley and Adlai Stevenson, Henry Jackson, Fred Harris, Frank Church, Peter Rodino, Morris Udall, Wayne Hays and George Wallace to get together in a single-minded determination to block Carter and nominate Humphrey. That requires a leap of faith that even Jimmy Carter certainly wouldn't be prepared to make.

Ken Bode

Corrupting US Arms Sales

Kickback

by Tad Szulc

The administration's runaway program of worldwide arms sales—one of the key features of US foreign policy—is spawning a new set of domestic and international scandals. They are the result of complicity by several branches of the US government in the payment over the years of secret "fees" to foreign agents in order to promote maximal sales of American arms, weapons systems, and even airliners. A strong suspicion is developing that millions of dollars from payoffs by US defense contractors and other major corporations to agents in the Middle East, Japan and elsewhere have been flowing back home as kickbacks to these companies or to some of their key officials. The second suspicion is that some of this kickback money may, in turn, have been used for illegal political campaign contributions in the US, notably during the Nixon presidency.

This is one of the reasons the criminal division of the Justice Department early in March launched an unpublicized investigation of a number of corporations involved in covert overseas payments—the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation and the Northrop Corporation are among them—to determine whether there are grounds for criminal prosecution of companies or individuals. The other reason is the possibility that corporate bribe-payers may have violated provisions of the criminal code through false statements to the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Internal Revenue Service concerning their foreign expenditures.

Inasmuch as the juiciest secret "fee" and "commission" payments on sales of aircraft (covering airliners as well as military planes) were made to foreign agents with the full knowledge and cooperation of the Defense and State Departments and the Central Intelligence Agency—the Pentagon, for example, frantically champions overseas military sales—the Justice Department's new investigation won't be easy as in the first

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Watergate investigation. One part of the US government is investigating mischief involving other parts of the same government.

On a second front, President Ford has created a Cabinet task force, headed by Commerce Secretary Elliot L. Richardson, to study the operations of multinational corporations. This group, predictably, was mandated to report only after the elections.

There is no reason thus far to believe that any US officials, military or civilian, are involved in payoff scandals; the Justice Department's probe, if it confirms suspicions, may be confined to criminal indictments against corporate officials. Nevertheless there is ample material to suggest that various government agencies, in their zeal to encourage ever-growing sales of American arms and aerospace equipment abroad, have acted in ways that helped to create a climate of corruption in the US arms and aerospace industry as well as in foreign countries. In the face of this material, including confidential communications from senior Pentagon officials to foreign cabinet ministers about $70 million in "fees" to agents as recently as mid-1975, present administration denials of active involvement in dubious practices sound hollow. There certainly is a *moral* responsibility to be borne by the administration.

Although the Pentagon last autumn tightened up its procedures on agent fees in contracts it writes on exports of arms, the push for more and more military sales is stronger than ever. Internal Defense Department documents show that as of January 1976, Deputy Defense Secretary William P. Clements, Jr. kept insisting that foreign military sales will and should remain a top foreign policy priority for the next 15 years; he has ordered that whenever required, Pentagon personnel be pulled off lower priority assignments to concentrate on military sales. Clements acted even though a special Pentagon advisory group warned him that overemphasis on foreign sales—the US Army, for example, now buys more arms for foreign governments than for itself—was seriously interfering with the ongoing acquisitions program for US armed forces.

The Justice Department, meanwhile, is not advertising its investigation. In fact, its existence was first disclosed in an unpublicized letter on March 12 from Treasury Secretary William Simon to Sen. William Proxmire (D, Wis.), chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, explaining why the Treasury and the General Accounting Office could not supply documents relating to Lockheed's foreign operations. Simon wrote that it could not be done "since the Department of Justice is presently investigating Lockheed's foreign marketing activities to determine if any federal laws have been violated." Heretofore, only the SEC was known to be probing Lockheed's affairs in connection with its huge covert payments—especially to agents in Japan. The Senate subcommittee on multinational corporations had first disclosed the Lockheed multimillion "fees" in Japan and lesser ones elsewhere.

In the light of the Simon letter, Justice Department sources last week confirmed to *The New Republic* that this investigation by the criminal division covered not only Lockheed, but a large number of other corporations engaged in overseas operations of this type. These sources said the Justice Department, among other things, was looking into the possibility of "kickbacks" by foreign sales agents to "salesmen" in the US. The word "salesmen" was used in the sense of the companies or their officials.

Justice Department sources agreed that the possibility could not be ruled out that some of these kickbacks were channelled into illegal political contributions. They conceded that the inquiry would not have been initiated unless the Justice Department had valid reasons to suspect criminal violations.

There are no indications that foreign governments that purchase military equipment in the US from the Pentagon under the Foreign Military Sales (FMS) program were aware of the kickbacks by "middle-man" agents. In the majority of cases, the Pentagon acts as the selling agency of military equipment on behalf of US defense contractors, although some sales are made through commercial channels with the purchasers dealing directly with the manufacturers. Sales of airliners, as in the controversial affair involving Lockheed's Tristar jet planes marketed in Japan, are not handled by the Pentagon. In the Japanese situation, however, the CIA knew about the secret payments, chiefly because Lockheed's Tokyo agent, Yoshio Kodama, has had an extensive relationship with the agency in the context of Japanese politics.

FMS contracts drafted by the Pentagon for sales of military equipment often incorporate fees for foreign agents who played a role in arranging these transactions. Until last August, after Saudi Arabia, one of the principal US military equipment clients, protested the inclusion of exorbitant agent fees in the contracts, the Pentagon was willing to conceal agents' fees or commissions under entries for "spare parts" or services. Under the new policy, the Pentagon still includes agents' fees, but only if they are "reasonable," if it applies to *bona fide* agents, and if the purchasing government does not object. In this fashion, these fees are no longer concealed.

Even under the new system, however, the Pentagon has no effective way of preventing the flow of kickbacks if agents' fees are involved. The fees come out of the total purchase price paid by the foreign government, and, as a practical proposition, the Defense Department cannot always determine whether it is dealing with a *bona fide* agent. In other words, the opportunity for bribery or kickbacks is not fully eliminated even though both the State and Defense Departments insist that under the new policy

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there should be no room for abuses.

Many experts in the field believe that corruption in arms sales can be ended only when the US government decides that the practice of built-in fees should be abolished altogether. The other solution would be action by foreign governments ruling out fees in FSM contracts as Saudi Arabia and Iran have done in the last year. Numerous experts also take the view that so long as the Pentagon acts as the contractual representative of US defense contractors, there is no real need for agents. However, the Defense Department has traditionally supported the practice of US arms manufacturers retaining agents and paying fees, going along with the conventional wisdom that US companies are more competitive if they employ local agents.

Despite all the recent disclosures concerning foreign payoffs, the Ford administration continues to oppose legislation that would strictly control foreign military sales. It opposes, for example, Sen. Proxmire's bill in the Senate requiring as a matter of *law* full disclosure of all fees and commissions and making it illegal for US corporations to make payments to foreign officials. The administration's official view was summed up as follows in a letter on March 31 from Deputy Secretary of State Robert S. Ingersoll to Proxmire:

" . . . There is an important distinction between bribes, which should be prohibited by the countries directly concerned, and commissions, which may be perfectly legitimate. I do not believe that extra-territorial criminal legislation by the United States can be an effective solution to this problem. Disclosure, on the other hand, may be very helpful to deter bribery, but effective action requires a concerted effort on the part of the international community, not just action by the United States alone. Further, premature unilateral action by the United States could put US firms at a serious competitive disadvantage in foreign markets."

Ingersoll has since retired from the State Department, but US policy remains unchanged. It has its roots in the administration's stubborn determination, principally expressed by the Pentagon, that arms sales abroad are so vital that no obstacles should be placed in the way. Apparently for this reason, the administration is prepared to perpetuate the state of affairs in which the distinction between "bribes" and "perfectly legitimate" commissions is to remain a gray area. Very few experts can come up with a clear distinction between them, especially in countries where payoffs are an accepted way of doing business, although not necessarily in government-to-government dealings.

One of the most blatant examples of the Pentagon's attitude was a letter sent in the summer of 1975 by Robert Ellsworth, then Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, to Prince Sultan, the Saudi Arabian defense minister, inquiring whether a seven percent commission on a one billion dollar aircraft sale by Northrop would be considered "reasonable." This $70-million commission for F-5E jet fighter-bombers and a companion training program known as Peacehawk had been requested by Adnan Khashoggi, the famous Middle East agent. The Ellsworth letter was sent through regular mail, a strange departure from normal procedures for official communications; this is a matter that the State Department, which should have been the channel for the Ellsworth query, refused to discuss. The Saudis strongly protested the Ellsworth letter to James Akins, then US ambassador to Saudi Arabia, on the grounds that it was improper for the US to raise the question of agent fees with the royal government. The consequence of this episode was the Saudi decision last September to forbid all agent fees and commissions.

In 1971, Nicholas Thacher, then US ambassador to Saudi Arabia, misled the Saudis when, in response to a question from the local government, he insisted that there were no fees included in sales contracts written by the Pentagon. The State Department says Thacher never consulted it on the subject. In 1973, the State Department instructed Ambassador Akins to verify with Saudi authorities whether Northrop had been accurately informed by Khashoggi that a five-percent fee was "reasonable" as far as Saudi Arabia was concerned. Akins refused to do so on the grounds of impropriety.

Aside from the question of fees, the Pentagon continues to pursue an aggressive arms sales policy even though the individual services have complained that the FMS program is seriously interfering with the weapons acquisition process of US armed forces. The driving force behind this effort is Deputy Secretary of Defense Clements. Several internal Pentagon documents illustrate Clements' stand on foreign military sales and its consequences.

One of them is the report to Clements on September 30, 1975, by the Pentagon's Acquisition Advisory Group, noting that "a tremendous increase in Foreign Military Sales has taken place in the last four years" and that $7.5 billion of "US military goods were sold abroad" in 1974.

The report said that "today the Army is spending more money on the acquisition of weapon systems for foreign governments than it is for the US Army, *i.e.*, in FY 1975, $1.1 billion for Army procurement, $1.9 billion for FMS. In the Air Force, FMS has grown from about $500 million in 1968 to over $6.2 billion in open cases today. In 1969, the Navy's FMS program value aggregated $175 million and grew to $3.8 billion in 1974."

This program, the report added, "has been the source of many problems." It said that the military services "allege that the OSD (Office of Secretary of Defense) management direction has been confused and conflicting, resulting in adverse and destabilizing impact on weapon systems acquisition programs." This occurred, the report said, "when the sleeping giant in the form of

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foreign military sales awoke in the last few years." And, the group said, Pentagon project managers complained that foreign military sales "placed extraordinary demands on them for a myriad of reasons."

The Pentagon's management of foreign arms sales, the group reported, also led to financial chaos. Current estimates are that "about $300 million of old FMS order receivables may be invalid" and "the Army has had over-expenditures in excess of $500 million." The latter means that the army was unable to collect this amount from foreign customers. Under the present system, the Pentagon itself buys arms for the account of overseas clients.

Clements replied in a memorandum on January 23, 1976, to the heads of the three services that foreign sales had, indeed, produced an impact "on cost, schedule, and performance aspects of several major programs" involving procurement for the US armed forces.

Last October, Clements instituted periodic breakfasts at the Pentagon to discuss foreign sales—"FMS working breakfast meetings"—but his January memorandum noted that "I am still concerned that there is not a sufficient appreciation among Defense Department managers for the size and complexities of the FMS program and of the serious impact this program has on many of our ongoing major weapon system acquisition programs." But Clements would not touch the foreign sales programs.

"Approved FMS programs," he wrote, "are consistent with and supportive of US foreign policy. We must manage these programs efficiently and at the same time insure that our organization and resources are so structured as to adequately support the management and accomplishment of the Defense Department's major weapon system acquisition programs." He ordered the Joint Logistic commanders to submit a report to him on this situation by April 15.

A memorandum on January 7 from Admiral F.H. Michaelis, Chief of Naval Materiel, to the Chief of Naval Operations reported on the views expressed by Clements at the FMS breakfast meetings last October and November. Clements, he wrote, "noted that there continues to be the impression among Defense Department personnel that FMS is 'not our mission.'" According to Michaelis, "he expressed his concern at this attitude, and suggested that we are going to be deeply into FMS for the next 15 years . . . He stated that he had developed the distinct impression . . . that FMS is not understood as a DOD mission, nor is its importance really appreciated by involved DOD personnel."

When Michaelis complained that the services lacked manpower to execute the FMS mission, Clements replied that "the priorities for FMS must make themselves felt and personnel assigned, but these assignments should be made with a full understanding that, if necessary, personnel will have to be 'pulled off' lower priority jobs to support the security assistance mission."

The US-generated arms race thus goes on. Aside from the question of intrinsic wisdom of filling the world with masses of sophisticated weapons systems, the FMS program has obviously created fertile ground for corruption. It has damaged the modernization of US armed forces. Is it not time for the administration to take a close look at the validity of all the premises involved in this giant arms-selling enterprise?

The Rabin Government's Dilemma

Israeli Arabs

by Michael Walzer

In one sense the Arab strike in the Galilee on March 30, and the accompanying violence, must have looked very familiar to Americans. A minority group, discriminated against socially and economically, organized a protest; some of its militants sought out a violent confrontation with the police; some of the police responded in kind (and with greater fire power); people were killed. We have seen all that before in our own country. This is the form ethnic politics sometimes takes, even in states committed to equality. Indeed, in Israel as in the US, it is precisely the disparity between public commitment and actual performance that generates the protest. "We want to be treated as full Israelis," said one of the Arab strikers, "not second-class citizens" (*The New York Times*,

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April 1, 1976).

But the fear with which the government responded to the strike, the armed force it assembled to cope with it, the shock and dismay with which many Israelis reacted to the use of that force: all this points to problems that go deeper than discrimination and ethnic self-assertion. The most profound causes of the strike are not local. Arab-Jewish relations in Israel must be situated within a series of expanding circles—first, of Israeli-Palestinian relations, most crucially on the West Bank; secondly, of Middle Eastern politics generally, marked above all by the refusal of the Arab states to accept Israeli statehood; and finally, of great power diplomacy, which simultaneously exacerbates and restrains the struggles of Arabs and Jews.

It cannot be easy right now to be an Israeli Arab. True, they enjoy a higher standard of living than do Arabs in the surrounding countries, higher also than that of Israel's Oriental Jews; and they have political liberties that were shared only by the Lebanese, who are unlikely to regain them. (There is, for example, a legal Communist party in power in Nazareth and represented in the Knesset.) But the new nationalism of the Arab world must tug at Israeli Arabs in disturbing ways. In different ways, it should be added, at the Moslems and Christians among them: Christians, watching the civil war in Lebanon, are increasingly uneasy about any absolute commitment to Arab nationalism. So long as the nationalism is set against Israel's very existence, the ultimate loyalty of Israel's Arabs must appear problematic—both to themselves and to their Jewish fellow citizens. The fact that the strikers were, at least in the first instance, insisting upon their rights as *Israelis* suggests the long-term stability of Israel as a pluralist society. But the intensity of the agitation and the hatred expressed—especially by Arab youth, but also by many of the Israeli police—the two groups being roughly of the same age—suggests how seriously that pluralism is threatened by the external struggle. The truth is that Israel's Arabs won't be ordinary citizens until other Arabs, outside of Israel, become ordinary neighbors.

The first Arabs with whom Israelis must hope to be neighbors are the Palestinians of the West Bank. It's not an accident that the Galilee strike followed closely upon demonstrations and riots in the occupied territories. The occupation provides the key focus for Arab agitation—and it now poses the most crucial dilemmas for Israeli policymakers. I think it is fair to say that for the immediate future the fate of Arabs and Jews is being worked out not on Israel's borders but in the West Bank. This fact has its hopeful aspects, for it means that the working-out is political, not military, and that it takes place in an arena where the two groups meet face to face. But here again, the wider struggle impinges on the local one and distorts its character.

In general, the Israeli occupation has been liberal in its policies, decent in its day-to-day operations, and economically progressive (the growth rate of West Bank agriculture since 1967 is one of the highest in the world). There is, nevertheless, no such thing as a good occupation. The people of the West Bank do not want to be ruled by Israel, and so the Israeli presence is almost by definition repressive. The repressiveness is a major stimulant to Palestinian national identification, while the liberalism opens the way for that identification to express itself in political protest and now—most remarkably—in an election campaign. In a paradoxical way, the Israelis are creating the "Palestinian entity" that many of them fear. The more that entity becomes visible, the more difficult it is, morally and politically, to maintain the occupation. And the longer the occupation lasts, the stronger Palestinian nationalism becomes. There can be no doubt, I think, that it is now in Israel's interests to end the occupation—before renewed links between the West Bank and Jordan become impossible, before the unity of Jerusalem is endangered, before separatist Palestinian fervor spreads to the Galilee.

There are, however, two obstacles to any Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank. The first has to do with Jewish nationalism and religious militancy, the second with the hostility (and the growing strength) of the surrounding Arab states. As always, these two interconnect in painful and difficult ways. There now exists in Israel an alliance of rightist and religious forces that want to hold the West Bank forever—not so much for strategic and defensive reasons, but because Judea and Samaria, by historic right and divine donation, "belong" to the Jewish people. These forces represent a kind of integral nationalism that has always been alien to the mainstream of Zionist thought and practice. Their strength in Israel is probably not great; at any rate it is not known because it is untested. But recent events indicate that the ultra-nationalists and religious zealots are capable of making a great deal of trouble. They were directly responsible for the Temple Mount incident and the Sabastiya/Kadum settlement, the two immediate causes of the Arab demonstrations on the West Bank. I can't take up either of these matters in any detail here, though it is worth pointing out that the judicial decision permitting Jewish worship on the Temple Mount was made by a leftist judge, asserting the legal principle of religious freedom. The beneficiaries, however, were members of an ultra-nationalist organization, and the decision was politically disastrous. It was understood by the Arabs as an assertion of government policy, and this understanding the government only belatedly denied. After a few days it did appeal to the higher courts to continue to prevent Jews from praying at the Temple Mount, and the police are still enforcing the ban against such prayer. The settlement issue is even more important because here the government's slow response reflects indecision and not merely insensitivity—and because the zealots are not indecisive at all: they vow to oppose any withdrawal

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from the West Bank "with their bodies."

Though the zealot settlements are pitiful things, founded on religious intransigence and without secular vitality or material basis, the Rabin government has been unwilling or unable to remove them. Indeed, it might be argued that the weakness of that government is the most important factor in the recent troubles. For had it announced firmly and quickly that it would permit no alteration of the religious status quo in Jerusalem (which is in fact its policy) and had it challenged the zealots and effectively forbidden their settlement in Samaria, the situation on the West Bank might look different today. In cases like this, a resolute government can quiet passions and save lives—whereas weakness opens the way for other and more disruptive forces. It is still possible for Rabin to act firmly; I am convinced that if he does so he will be supported by a clear majority of Israelis.

It would be a mistake to deny, however, that the political battle over West Bank settlement is a serious one and its outcome not entirely predictable. For many Israelis, who don't believe that the Promised Land must conform to the dimensions fixed in this or that Biblical text, the control of the West Bank nevertheless seems critical to their future security. Indeed, the strategic arguments for holding on are very strong. And then the Sabastiya/Kadum settlers may well look like patriots, albeit patriots of an extreme and irascible sort. But they are not patriots at all; they obey a "higher" law than Israeli statute; and they pose today a serious threat to the integrity of the Jewish state. Here, then, is the central dilemma that Rabin faces: he is going to have to use force to remove Jews from the West Bank at a time when a general withdrawal is not yet compatible with Israel's strategic interests. He must establish his government's willingness and its ability to end the occupation, even though he can't actually end it until he wins major concessions from the surrounding Arab states. He must attend to Israel's security, but he must also guarantee the Arabs of the West Bank that once security is won, their future is their own.

By refusing to make peace with Israel, the Arab states intensify these difficulties. They force the government to maintain the occupation. They strengthen those rightist and nationalist politicians within Israel who are inclined toward an annexationist program. They foster an extremist Palestinian nationalism, which in turn requires a more repressive occupation. They weaken Israel's standing in the international community, where the occupation is seen—wrongly—as the major and even the sole cause of Arab-Jewish tension. Once again, it is in Israel's interests to get rid of the West Bank—as soon as it is assured that the territories won't be used as bases for future military attacks. But it is not necessarily in the interests of the Arab states to give those assurances. If their long-term goal is the destruction of Israel, then they may well be satisfied to maintain a situation that generates Palestinian fervor and Israeli disunity.

But this situation is not in the interests of the US, which is at least temporarily the principal great power in the Middle East. It's not in our interests, first, because it endangers Israel, to whose protection we are committed, and secondly, because it makes a fifth Arab-Israeli war increasingly likely, while American diplomatic success in the region is founded on the claim that only we can bring peace. Now, it's clear that the peace we hope to bring involves, and must involve, very substantial Israeli withdrawals. In this regard, Ambassador Scranton's assertion of American opposition to Israeli settlement in the territories is part of a well established and easily defended policy. But it is also, at this moment, a dangerously one-sided policy. In the past, Israeli withdrawals have been balanced by American military and economic aid. But any future withdrawals, especially from the West Bank, will require a different sort of balancing. Concretely, they will require the demilitarization of the territory from which Israel withdraws, the working out of on-the-ground arrangements to guarantee that military forces are in fact kept out, and some significant normalization of state relations so that these arrangements are stable and secure. These are the demands that the US must make upon Egypt, Jordan and Syria whenever it criticizes Israel's occupation policy. Thus far, Kissinger and his various emissaries have been strangely reluctant to make them. It's only in the hope of a balanced settlement, only with the certainty that the US will insist upon the balance and make no concessions to Arab extremism, that a government like Rabin's can face down its own extremists and establish the domestic foundations for territorial withdrawal.

The Arab states must be pressed to find some *modus vivendi* with Israel—and to do so publicly and formally. Israel must find some *modus vivendi* with the Palestinian leadership now emerging on the West Bank. It must make clear to its own people and to the Palestinians that, at some point, the West Bank will be returned to Jordan or established as an independent "entity"—the sooner the better, I should think, though the return or the establishment is only possible in the context of a political settlement with the states that have four times gone to war against Israel. And that is probably only possible given great power, and primarily American, insistence. Meanwhile, ultra-orthodox Jews have to be told flatly that if they are to live near their holy places in Judea and Samaria, they will have to do so only as citizens of some reunited Jordan or future Palestine. (It would be surprising if their piety did not flag in such circumstances.) The situation inside Israel, and even in the occupied territories, will be a great deal healthier once that is said. A government capable of saying it could also, perhaps, tell the Arabs of the Galilee that in an Israel freed from the threat of war, they will surely find their way to equal citizenship, in law and in fact.

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Values Worth Keeping

Is Liberalism Dead?

by Henry Fairlie

We are being told on every side that the American liberal is no more; that none of the issues with which he is concerned any longer have much appeal to the public; and that even the liberal candidates this year would prefer not to have the label strung about their necks, but instead be known as progressive. The evidence is also offered that the liberal candidates are not doing very well. This article was written before the results in Wisconsin and New York, of which one can only say that the tenacity of the liberals ought not to be underestimated.

There is something implausible in these obituary notices. Great political movements—ideas—ideologies, if one wishes to call them that—simply do not die that way. In fact, we need to realize that the great "-isms" of the modern age—not the vile "-isms" like Nazism—have a genuine life. They survive because they represent realities: ways in which people perceive the world today, respond to it and deal with it, and above all try to make it. They are not religions; they are secular attitudes toward a secular time.

Obviously the greatest of them is "nationalism." There is neither a logical justification nor a rational need for nationalism. Yet people will die and kill for it, hate and love for it, destroy and create for it. One of the geniuses of Bernard Shaw as a playwright was that he usually gave the greatest speeches to his enemies; he reinforced the strength of their arguments. In *Saint Joan*, the greatest speech is given to the Church, as Cauchon denounces the nationalism Joan of Arc represents, and prophesies that, if the force of nationalism is let loose, if fictions such as "England" and "France" are allowed to reign, the world will go down in a welter of war. It is all true; yet nationalism would not have persisted to this day if it was only a delusion. From Israel to Ireland, people do not die and kill for mere delusions: the fictions are realities. It is the same with "conservatism," with "liberalism," with "socialism," with "communism": they change, and lose their footing from time to time; but they do not go away. They are all ways of seeing the actual world. We have only to think what the world would be like if liberalism were no longer a force, to realize that without them we would have lost one of our holds on the reality of our times.

We know—to grab for a name—that Morris Udall represents something that will not die, and that we would not like to die. Even those of us who might be least inclined to vote for him know that. We would like our world less if there were no Morris Udall; and if one searches one's everyday vocabulary to describe what he represents, and comes up only with words like "decency" and "humor," then those also are realities. There are people who are witnesses to the ways in which we know ourselves. He is one of them.

We know that our world would not be as decent and restless and caring a place as it manages to be if the American liberal had not been so dominant a figure in it. He and she deserve to be criticized—they will be criticized here—but as I personalize them, Ruth and David, let us remember how we would miss them.

Ruth and David are not childless. On the contrary, they seem to have determined to maintain the reproduction rate of the species, and therefore have not been satisfied with the two-child family. Moreover, since they believe that a family should be a democracy—like the direct democracy of the Greek city states in which every citizen participates—they have had enough children to populate the family with enough citizens. The modern family is usually thought to be a conservative institution, the conservative its true defender. But it is Ruth and David who really maintain the family in a world unfriendly to it.

The intensity of their attachment to the family can sometimes be irritating. The little citizens of the little city state are always being noticed and counted, asked their opinions and urged to vote. "If some of us are going to smoke pot, we must decide where and when"; and solemnly it is decided that between 7 pm and 9 pm, on Tuesdays and Thursdays and Saturdays, pot may be smoked on the porch or in the den.

Ruth and David are intense, not only in their care for their children, but in their celebration of their ancestors. They are the real keepers of photograph albums. They will bridge the generation gap, even if it means manufacturing a generation gap to bridge. It is they who tell how their mothers baked a cake, and their fathers read Emerson to them every night. It is they who want to bake a cake as their mothers baked, and read Emerson aloud to their children as their fathers read. Like the Greek city state itself, the American liberal family is one of the most consciously controlled environments that can be imagined.

And this matters, for at first it can seem repulsive. With every nod to permissiveness, with every inquiry to the infant about whether it wants to be breast-fed—and it *will* be breast-fed, like it or not—and when—and

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it *will* be every four hours, like it or not—with every vote taken to decide when the children may first enjoy sex, the family is very strongly led and directed—and maintained.

This is one of the problems of the American liberal, of Ruth and David. They will be out on the streets at the drop of a hat, to assert the right of everyone else to "do their own thing," but they themselves are intensely concerned to pass on the values of their parents, and the values of their grandparents. It is they—and not those who are said to be conservative—who know exactly the day on which their grandparents first landed in New York. Ruth and David want to rear other Ruths and Davids, and to pass on values and attitudes that were passed on to them.

I emphasize this point, because I think that it is crucial and unrecognized, and because it points immediately to the strengths and weaknesses of the American liberal. Ruth and David are guardians; in their own lives, they are the preservers of values. Yet again and again, in their public concerns, they seem to be tolerant of a social environment which must erode those values. Just as few people are more quintessentially the American liberal than George McGovern, so few are more quintessentially the representatives of traditional values than he. Yet in the popular mind in 1972—and not without some justice—the campaign of George McGovern was associated with social attitudes that seemed only to be destructive of those values.

This geological fault in the liberal is one of the keys to his present ineffectiveness. Ruth and David wish their own children to be well educated; but they support *for others* every simple-minded "experimental" program that would reduce education to little more than play-therapy. They want their own children to be able to read; but they support *for others* methods of teaching which are based on the assumption that the way to learn to read is not to learn to read, but instead to cut out colored pieces of paper, and so let the child "express" itself. They do not like to see their own children stoned; but they support *for others* a permissiveness that can reduce a child to inertia and fecklessness. They do not care for pornography; but they support *for others* the right to publish any obscenity.

here is a profound elitism in this: let the traditional values of everyone else go to pot—almost literally—but we will maintain the benefits of those traditional values for ourselves and our children. This is the fault: the slippage in the liberal of which ordinary people are aware. Again, one may look at Morris Udall today, as at George McGovern four years ago, and see in him a man who in all his bearing represents the most traditional values, and yet whose public positions leave ordinary people wondering if he would defend those values for them. And this is one reason why, on the social questions lying behind the more directly political issues, the American liberal has today made himself so vulnerable.

The fact that the American liberal is, and sees himself as, the guardian of the traditional values of the country, cannot be overestimated. Ruth and David are more a part of what America has been made since the mass immigration, of what it has been made in the past century, than any conservative. Since the end of World War I, the Republican party and the Democratic party have occupied the White House for the same number of years: yet the Republicans have not left their stamp on the country in the same way as the Democrats. It is in this profound sense that Ruth and David are the guardians of the values without which this country cannot recognize itself.

Again, since the end of World War II, the Republican party and the Democratic party have occupied the White House for the same number of years, but no one thinks of these as Republican years, in the way we naturally think of them as Democratic years. In particular, it is the Democratic party that has borne the two great ordeals of America: the civil rights movement and the Vietnam war. Whatever the mistakes that may in hindsight be seen to have been made, it was the Democratic party that made them, and that endured the pain and bears the scars.

The conservatives and the Republican party just do not seem to be a part of the history of the country in this century in the way in which the Democratic party so clearly is. This is one reason the Republicans never seem to be at home in Washington. A real estate agent in Washington said to me the other day that the housing situation in the city may be summed up in the sentence: "The Democrats never leave, and the Republicans always rent." It says it all; and perhaps the most profound motive in the whole of the Nixon administration's conduct in Watergate was that none of its members knew Washington, felt at home in it, trusted the political system or trusted the people.

I remember having lunch in the Rive Gauche restaurant in Georgetown, on the Saturday before Richard Nixon's inauguration in 1969. The Rive Gauche on Saturdays was then usually like a village pub, uncrowded and leisurely at lunchtime. But on that Saturday, I and John Midgley, the Washington correspondent of *The Economist*, were amazed to see the place jammed with people we had never seen before: not just people we had never seen before, but people unlike any we had ever seen in Washington before. And at last we realized, as we gazed on the round and pink faces without character, that the

COMING: John Osborne on the commotion over the "Woodstein" book

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Republicans had come to town. But they looked so uncomfortable in Washington, and they remained uncomfortable, and those who have not yet packed their bags are still uncomfortable.

The Republicans always rent—and they seem only to rent their years of power. This is why the essence of Ruth and David—it is no accident that their names are drawn from the Old Testament—is their guardianship of the history and the values of their country, as it has been made in the past century; and why they need to be much more clear and aware of the meaning of that guardianship.

But let us look at the attitudes of Ruth and David from another angle. They have ceased to think of public issues in economic terms: hence their preoccupation with the social questions. It is as if they have thrown in the sponge in the battle for the control of the economy. They fritter in their fight for the environment against the corporations; they fritter with Ralph Nader in their fight to get General Motors to make cars safer. "Make the automobile safe for democracy—and make it safe especially for General Motors," might be their legend today. If I were the president of General Motors, I would try to bribe Ralph Nader, not to discontinue his campaigns, but to continue them. It is he who implicitly suggests that General Motors may itself be made safe for democracy.

Tucked away on Ruth and David's shelves will be found the liberal literature of the 1930s and the 1940s, in which social questions were confronted first as economic questions. They now read John Kenneth Galbraith—or rather they read some version of John Kenneth Galbraith—and all they seem to get out of it is that somehow it is wrong to consume. They seem unable to come to grips with an economic system that justifies itself by pouring more and more goods in the laps of appeased consumers; that fosters an ever more Gross National Appetite in order to satisfy it with an ever more Gross National Product; that tolerates a continuing inflation because it is the corporations and the rich who do not suffer from it; and that by distributing goods to satisfied consumers has found the way of ensuring that there will be no demand for a genuine redistribution of power.

Ruth and David have limited their concerns to "improper labelling." Watch them in the supermarket, as they read the small print on the packaging, the list of ingredients. They want to know what they are buying, and that is fair enough. But that seems to be all that they are concerned about. They do not wonder about why they are buying it— which *is* the economic question—and although they will fight brave battles to get Procter and Gamble not to use Red Dye #172, it is only then to find that Procter and Gamble will use Red Dye #173; and all the time they think that they are winning battles, while P & G just go on, and on, and on selling what they have to sell.

The social questions with which Ruth and David are today so preoccupied are not—and cannot be made into—genuine political questions, unless they are first identified as economic questions; and that is exactly what none of the liberal standard-bearers in recent years—Adlai Stevenson and George McGovern and Morris Udall—will do. (I exclude Eugene McCarthy from this list because I have always regarded him as a conservative, who was somehow thought to be a radical simply because of his opposition to the Vietnam war. If he had been elected, it would have been like having, not Calvin Coolidge as President, but Mrs. Calvin Coolidge). All of these standard-bearers have given the impression that their only solution to the country's problems is "proper labelling."

But of course there is one more irrepressible liberal standard-bearer than the rest, and perhaps one reason for his survival is that he is associated with a generation of liberals who were not distracted from the economic questions by the social questions. I do not believe that Hubert Humphrey *can* or *will* or *should* be nominated or elected. But there is no doubt that everyone—and not least Ruth and David—is enjoying the fact that he is still around. The attention being given to Hubert Humphrey this year is the attention of a people—and particularly of the liberal—who know that they must, and want, to come to peace with the man, and with what he represents.

Not so much *who*, but *what* is Hubert Humphrey? "He has the glow that goes beyond energy," said a colleague to me recently. "And that glow is very much a property of the American liberal." It was a penetrating remark, and I found myself responding to it by saying that the glow was nowhere evident in the "liberal" Republican. "The glow that goes beyond energy" is not a phrase that one would immediately use about the Scrantons, the Romneys, the Rockefellers. It is not a phrase that springs to one's lips as one thinks of Chuckles Percy, who seems to be older than old; or of Elliot Richardson, who seems to have been born with a palsy of the will; or even of the liberal "independent" Jerry Brown, skulking in his pad because he will not enjoy a mansion—as if that takes in anyone.

here is something Cavalier—and this might at first seem to be strange—in the American liberal. There was something Cavalier about Adlai Stevenson, there is something Cavalier about Morris Udall; and the worst fault of George McGovern was that he was a Cavalier but with the countenance of a puritan. Above all, there is something Cavalier about Hubert Humphrey. I read the other day an estimate that, if all the programs he had supported in Congress were enacted, they would cost more than the entire Gross National Product; and one can well believe it. Well, that is our Hubert!—the indefatigable Don Quixote of American liberalism, who leaves all about him muttering their disbelief, like Sancho Panza. Miguel de Unamuno, in his profound and brilliant interpretation of Don Quixote, said that

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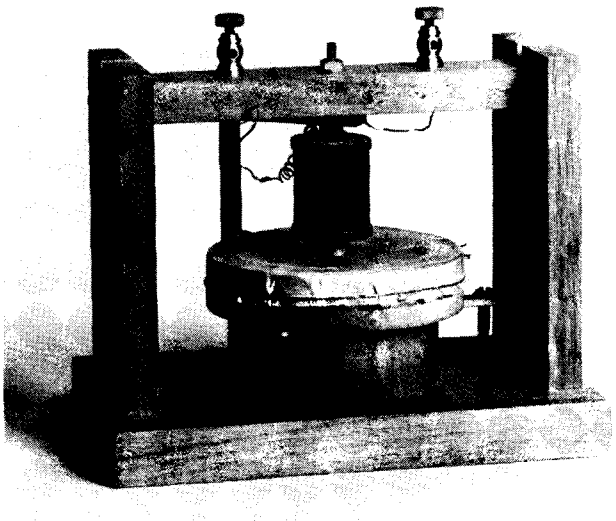
One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

Now that you've invented the telephone, Professor Bell, how can you make it so people can afford it?

Alexander Graham Bell's fingers were all thumbs in mechanical matters. He had a sensitive ear, an original mind, and a deep knowledge of speech and hearing. These assets enabled him to invent the telephone "mentally." But translating the concept into a working model required mechanical gifts he did not possess. And manufacturing telephones for use by the public posed still other problems.



Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone

To be fair, very few people had any experience fabricating electrical devices in 1873, when Bell began the investigations that led to the telephone. Samuel F. B. Morse's telegraph, invented in 1835, was the only important commercial use yet made of electricity. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was only 14 years old. Thomas Edison's electric light was still some years in the future.

In the United States, some of the most concentrated work on new applications of electricity was being done in the workshop of Charles Williams, Jr. at 109 Court Street, Boston. Inventors including Edison took their ideas to Williams, who translated them into working models—or more often, into models that did not work.

Thomas A. Watson

Bell sought Williams' aid in 1874. The helper assigned to him in January 1875 was Thomas A. Watson, aged 20. Bell was 27. The two complemented each other marvelously. Watson had his own sort of genius—for the practical business of putting together metal and wood and glass to form devices that would do what he wanted. The collaboration between the two men produced, on March 10, 1876, that famous first telephone call: "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."

Bell foresaw a time when telephone service would link the cities of the world. But that required vast improvements in the telephone and in telephone connections. The newborn Bell Telephone Company set out to make those improvements. Watson hired two assistants, and began what would be called today a research and development

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program. He made the experimental phone sturdier, and devised a hand-cranked magneto to ring a bell. Williams began manufacturing Watson's designs. The invention's financial backers organized telephone companies in various cities, raised additional capital, and hired a General Manager, Theodore N. Vail.

The Western Electric Manufacturing Co., Chicago 1881

By 1879 demand for telephones exceeded the capacity of Williams' shop. Manufacturers in Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Baltimore were licensed to make telephones under the Bell patents. More were needed. One company in Chicago had gained considerable expertise in making telegraph equipment. Years later, Watson reminisced, "When a piece of equipment built by Western Electric came into our shop...we always used to admire the superlative excellence of the workmanship." In 1881, Bell Telephone acquired a controlling interest in Western Electric, and in 1882 made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

This arrangement was desirable for a number of reasons. Western Electric workmanship improved the quality of voice reproduction by telephone, a step essential to winning wide public acceptance of the new invention. It ensured reliability. When repairs were needed, standardized parts from Western Electric made for speedy restoration of service. A fourth advantage concerned the evolving nationwide network: a single manufacturer could see to it that telephone equipment throughout the country would work together compatibly, thus assuring the "interconnectedness" of the network—its capability of connecting any two phones.

The Engineering Department of Western Electric joined in the search for telephone improvements. Managers of local companies made suggestions based on day-to-day experience with customers. Outside inventors worked out refinements. Bell Telephone management weighed all the ideas, in terms of value to customers and practicality in manufacture. The best ideas were incorporated into the phones being made.

Organizational "feedback"—the subtle flow of engineering information and understanding within a technologically oriented enterprise—was a novel concept in those days. But the young telephone industry had already achieved a union of the successive stages of effort essential to the development of a coherent telephone system. Today Bell Laboratories is responsible for research and development. Western Electric looks for—and finds—better ways to make things. The 23 regional Bell companies provide telephone service and report back their needs and the needs of their customers. And American Telephone and Telegraph Company management provides overall coordination and guidance. Some of the names are different, but the functions had been established by 1882.

Vertical integration is one name economists give to this form of corporate organization. In a typical case, raw materials change to finished product with suc-

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cessive stages of manufacture integrated under one company. For example, a printing company might own paper mills and even its own forests. But there is a difference, because the Bell company was not, and is not, primarily a manufacturer of products. From the beginning, the partners in the enterprise—whether engaged in invention or manufacture or operations—sold telephone service, not telephone equipment.

For instance, there was the fundamental item of connecting the lines of two subscribers who wanted to talk. This was handled in central offices by a corps of operators, using cords, plugs and jacks. Setting up a call could take as long as seven minutes. In 1884, Ezra T. Gilliland, working for the Bell company, devised a mechanical system that would allow a subscriber to reach up to 15 lines without the help of an operator. In 1891, Almon B. Strowger, a Kansas City undertaker, patented a dial machine constructed in a round collar box. It connected up to 99 lines. But the big city offices already handled thousands of lines, and the numbers were growing rapidly. The connection problem was growing much more rapidly, because of some basic geometry: it takes one line to interconnect two telephones, three lines for three telephones, six lines for four, 28 lines for eight, and 4,851 lines for 99 telephones. In connections, added telephones were just the opposite of "cheaper by the dozen."

The Bell company set out to develop a machine that would connect any of 10,000 telephones—49,995,000 possible connections. The search was costly, but necessary for continued good service, and the various parts of the company joined to pursue it to a successful conclusion. (Today in the United States a telephone can be connected to any of 140 million others. There are 10 quadrillion—10 million billion—possible connections.)

Young men manually connecting phone calls in 1879

There was also the problem of financing the nationwide conversion of central offices to dial. Service improvements on the scale required are enormously expensive—so expensive as to be impossible without the most careful attention to economy. Here again the integrated corporate structure shows its values. Western Electric, because its prime objective is to benefit telephone service, has become a world champion in cost control, and a pacesetter in the improvement of productivity. Data issued by the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics show that overall the productivity of the telephone industry has increased by 50% since 1965. That is two and a half times the productivity increase in the United States economy as a whole.

Savings of that sort continue, as a recent example shows. Bell scientists, building on the semiconductor research that helped them invent the transistor, also aided in the development of the light-emitting diode or LED. These solid-state lamps, now familiar as displays in pocket calculators and watches, can replace incandescent lamps in many pieces of telephone

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equipment. They will last the lifetime of the phone, operate with much less electrical power, and help hold down the cost of installation and maintenance. Over the next five years, LEDs should save the Bell System about $120 million. Bell Labs semiconductor research also resulted in the invention of another solid-state light source, the tiny semiconductor laser.

Future uses of these solid-state light sources may be even more important than today's. They will almost certainly be used

For the nation's future communications needs, Bell engineers are today developing systems to transmit telephone calls on lightwaves.

in systems transmitting telephone calls and other communications over lightwaves. Lightwave communications could mean an enormous increase in the capacity of the phone network, making it possible to meet the need for increased call volumes and new communications services economically in the years ahead. And to do it while conserving energy and scarce raw materials.

Innovation, productivity, advance planning—all mean improved service and reasonable costs. And in the telephone industry, cost savings benefit not only shareholders; they are passed along to the public as well.

In the decade 1965-1975, the cost of living rose 74%. Telephone rates for local service went up only 40%. And interstate long distance rates went up about 4%. Now 95% of all American homes have telephones. The quality of the service is the envy of the world.

Numerous studies have been made of the role of the Bell organizational structure in achieving those results. One of the most recent, concluded in 1974, was made by the independent auditing and management consulting firm of Touche, Ross & Co., acting as consultants for the staff of the Federal Communications Commission. According to their report:

"Western Electric's efficient performance has resulted in lower costs than otherwise would have been incurred. Because of Western's pricing policies and practices, these lower costs have not increased profits, but have been passed on to operating companies in the form of lower prices...The effect of the interrelationship between Bell and Western Electric is to operate Western, not as a manufacturing concern, but as an integral part of a vertically integrated communications firm. These interrelationships result in a favorable impact upon Western's costs, prices and service to operating companies."

The best telephone service in the world didn't just happen. It was planned that way.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

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by seeing two tavern servants as the embodiment of courtly womanhood, Don Quixote in fact made them feel that they were more than tavern servants. And it is hard not to feel the same of Hubert Humphrey. "The glow that goes beyond energy" is in itself a transforming thing and, sublime and ridiculous, there it is in him, never to be defeated.

There it is also in Ruth and David. They are not glamorous; they are not chic. They often seem careworn from the seriousness of their preoccupations. But there is a glow in them that transforms. They always keep on throwing up candidates who laugh—to win or to lose—and one thing they need to do is not to be frightened if they find that good nature on the face of a winner. If labels mattered all that much, I would be careful of refusing the label "liberal" to Jimmy Carter, simply because of the laugh, simply because the man seems to *like* the time and the country into which he has been born.

"The glow that goes beyond energy": the phrase seems to sit on Jimmy Carter, as it sat on Franklin Roosevelt. Before Ruth and David reject Jimmy Carter—even while they put their serious questions to him as they should—they should consider that glow, because it is their own glow: a feeling part of the history of their country. And if Jimmy Carter comes out of that part of American history which is the South, and says at last, "Look, no scars!", then they should look carefully at that glow, too, and forget the scowl of George Wallace. Ruth and David—or their children—went down to the South in the early '60s. They sometimes confused the issue; they made mistakes; they were not as brave as they imagined; they were often intemperate. But it was a liberal act of healing in which they were engaged, as they said to the South, a century after the Civil War, "Come home."

And the South is coming home, gently it is coming home, perhaps now to help the North to come home as well. Hubert Humphrey was there all those years, from the Democratic convention in 1948, and he is still there today: often foolish and often vain, but still with a glow of knowledge of his country and his times. Liberalism is dead? Well, then, how does one explain the vitality with which liberalism has faced the deepest problems of the country during the years that are symbolized in the political career of Hubert Humphrey?

A young American who in those angry times, a few years ago, was arrested for chaining himself to a bulldozer, said to me the other night, "with the exception of George Wallace, I could vote for any of the Democratic candidates; I *will* vote for any of the Democratic candidates." It was a remark made about a party, but also a country, which have suffered their wounds, but now feel the healing; and Ruth and David will be false to themselves this year if they do not realize that the history and values of their country are once again in their hands, to be known and guarded, but also once more to be made to win.

This is why they must be careful about appearing to sponsor the creation of a social environment in which the traditional values are always being routed, and perhaps this is what Jimmy Carter—whether or not he should or will be the candidate or the President—has in him, surprising people by its impact. It is time that the defense of traditional values not be left to the Spiro Agnews, who do not understand them; and there is perhaps nothing that Ruth and David need to do more than make the final act of dissociation this year from "radical chic," from the trendy and the permissive. They made this country in this century; their grandparents traveling steerage across the Atlantic made it. It needs them now.

will leave Ruth and David with a memory. Shortly after Labor Day in 1968, in that torn year, when Hubert Humphrey and the Democratic party and the AFL-CIO at last (but just too late) decided that they could win the election, and save the country from Richard Nixon, they put on an hour's paid TV program. It was mostly old newsreels from the last half-century. Against the Republican accusations of permissiveness, the program showed the values of the Republican 1920s; against the Republican call for "law and order," it showed the repressions with which Hitler imposed "law and order" in the 1930s; against the Republican refusal to order the economy at all in the interest of ordinary people, it showed the Depression.

When it was over, a young colleague said: "That means nothing to the voters today." But of course it meant everything; it was the Democratic party knowing its own country's history. All those voters out there, supposedly without memories, knew why they and their parents and their grandparents had fled Europe; and they knew with what values they and their parents and grandparents had worked to make their country; *and they responded.*

Ruth and David need to come to terms with the fact that, whereas in Europe it is the conservative who is the guardian of the history and traditions and values of the nation, in America it is the liberal. Ruth and David should this year reoccupy the land they made; and perhaps they should begin by recalling the laughter in the face of Franklin Roosevelt, and recognizing a laughter that may be as warm.

Ruth and David! Your record over the years is proud. You have little for which to apologize. You have suffered many wounds for your country, but you are not scarred. You are not dead; you can afford not to have a loser. Listen to your country, for it wants to listen to you. Put aside your embroidery at least for this year; the tapestry of your country and your tradition is made of more than little stitches. It is made of your own lustfulness for your land and your time; the "glow that goes beyond energy" is made from your decency. Go out and claim your land; the land is waiting to be claimed by you.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Face to Face

(Paramount)

The company moves on. All of the actors in this film have worked with Ingmar Bergman before, in film or in the theater or both. In the last 10 years or so he has centered most of his film attention on Liv Ullmann. It's hard to imagine that he would have written *Face to Face* without knowing that she was going to play it. The process is a long way from Sardou tailoring a vehicle for Bernhardt: it's a matter of a creator confident that certain reaches of his imagination, certain combinations of secrets, can be made manifest by a performer who is an extension of himself—much the relation between Balanchine and Suzanne Farrell. The collaboration begins before the fact.

This is Bergman's longest film. *Scenes from a Marriage*, which was longer, was not a film: it was a condensation of a TV series. *Face to Face* runs two and a half hours, about an hour longer than most of his films, and it doesn't sustain its length. But after one has detailed its shortcomings, a wonderful fact remains: it's a work possible only to a first-class artist who has invested his life with other artists.

Ullmann plays a Stockholm psychiatrist, with a doctor-husband who is away at a meeting in the US, with a lover whom we never see, with a 14-year-old daughter. She is calm and golden as we meet her, as we see her treating a badly deranged patient. Yet within a few days Ullmann "commits" suicide—I don't say "attempts" because, although she is rescued, there is no slightest quality of performance about it: when she swallows those pills, she believes she is finishing her life. The transference of the doctor to the mad patient's position is a familiar idea—Chekhov's *Ward No. 6*, Witkiewicz's *The Madman and the Nun*—and briefly Bergman teases us by letting us think that this is his theme. But he has other plans and another conclusion. There is an end-title (which I regret—it's a worn device by now) telling us that Ullman went back to work in her hospital, then left to do research—in the US!

What Bergman is pursuing here, I think, are two subjects: how little psychiatry can do and what the "normal" is. As for the first, he has an animus with an unusual base. It seems to me the anger of a reverse religionist, a theist in exile, furious that he can no longer believe in grace or its absence, in the-face-of-God-turned-away, and more furious at those who think that a merely empirical science can make up the lack.

As for "normality," he has dealt with mental imbalance before (*Persona*, *Hour of the Wolf*), but here he seems to be saying that normality, particularly when not secured by a divine mind, is a delusion. The whole point of Ullmann's character is that she *seems* perfectly all right; and, not allowed to die, she ends up all right; still she genuinely wanted to end her life. She is no patly traumatized Alfred Hitchcock character who is patly exorcised. Her upbringing, in a cultivated middle-class background, contained no more harshness than would occur to most children except those brought up in heaven by angels. Her parents, weak but endearing, were killed in an accident when she was young, and she lived with grandparents (with whom she is staying now while her husband is away and her daughter is at summer camp). Her grandmother once locked her in a closet to punish her even though she was afraid of the dark, still she and her grandparents evidently adore one another now. All we can think, after we hear all the most unpleasant evidence she can remember, is that if this woman is reduced to suicide by her past conditioning, then most of the world should be dead by now. The strongest immediate cause of her depression is a sexual assault, an incomplete rape, inflicted on her when she goes to see a patient. But that assault in itself couldn't have produced a suicidal impulse in this woman: it must be seen as the detonator of a long-buried bomb.

At first that bomb seems too slight for the explosion it causes. Then, subtly, Bergman implies that its slightness (relative to the possible depths of misery for children) is precisely the point: that her childhood was more or less like those that a great many of us have had, neither tranquil nor horrible; that the mysteries of aberrant behavior are very far from a one-to-one correlation with past experience; that all of us live close to inner danger; that gaps in motivation can be explained only by an Inexplicable that Bergman and many others can no longer acknowledge.

As if to underscore the way that common life digs its own pitfalls, he includes a scene between the psychiatrist and her young daughter that ends with a strain between the two. The woman then sees herself—inexplicably—carrying on a pattern, laying the groundwork for possible future mental difficulties in her own child.

To say that Ullmann is perfect in the role is, in a way, to say nothing. If she were less than perfect, she might as well quit the profession, because the role was made for her and she has worked it out with the man who understands most about it and her acting. Take the single matter of hysteria, which occurs several times. Most hysterics by actresses merely make me withdraw and watch, to see whether they'll get phony. Ullmann gives me no chance to withdraw: I'm enclosed.

On the other hand I'm beginning to think that Bergman relies overmuch on Erland Josephson. He plays still another doctor whom Ullmann meets early in the story, who makes vague moves toward becoming her lover but instead becomes a friend and is the physician who brings her through the pills. In *Scenes from a Marriage* Josephson's reticent genuineness seemed enough; here it begins to wear thin. He hasn't sufficient person merely to be "present," like a Gabin or Montand or Tracy. The

Films Worth Seeing

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. Jack Nicholson is tremendous in this dubious allegory set in a mental hospital.

Robin and Marian. Robin Hood 20 years later. Flapdoodle, but minimally seeable for some good actors and Richard Lester's direction.

Seven Beauties. A tragic farce about a Neapolitan in WW II. Trite touches, blatant touches, but a strong central idea strongly articulated.

Vincent, François, Paul and the Others. Some middle-aged Frenchmen—old friends—and their women. The picture only intends to be pleasant and mostly succeeds.

SK

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character is psychically more complex than the one in *Marriage* and Josephson doesn't really fill it out.

Those complexities lead to the subject of Bergman's script. Toward the end Josephson, a divorced man, reveals that he has had a homosexual affair for some years. Ullmann met him at a party given by a rich middle-aged woman who is living with two male homosexuals. All this material and more is unintegrated into the story, mere egregious data to show how mixed-up the world is today. It's far from the *texture* of anguish in *Persona* and *The Passion of Anna*. Different kinds of mere data come from two long dreams that Ullmann has while under the pills. Bergman voices suspicion of dreams in his foreword to the published screenplay (which differs considerably from the finished film) and he's right. Except in *Persona* the fantastic has never been his strong suit. He's better with the ambiguities rising out of reality. Here the dream materials, especially a haunting one-eyed woman, seem arbitrarily selected and posed.

This feeling of demonstration rather than dramatization hangs over the whole film. I think that Bergman senses it himself and that his uneasiness about it is what made him distend the film. (Why did we need the second long dream?) Most of the time, evidence is being presented, awake and asleep. If Bergman had digested and refined the material further and had brought it to dramatic realization—I don't mean a "solution" of the problems—the film would have been more organic and, I'm sure, shorter.

But, script aside, what a director! Here are two moments. In the assault scene the camera never moves from a simultaneous view of two rooms (in an empty house). In one room the woman patient, who has presumably been ravished, lies drugged on the floor; in the other room the doctor who came to tend her is reduced to the same position, prone and helpless, by the same two attackers. Later in the film Ullmann overhears her grandmother and grandfather (Gunnar Björnstrand) as the latter, sick and weak, cries and complains that old age is hell, while his sturdy loving wife consoles him. The feeling between the old pair, touched by the glimpses of Ullmann's compassion (despite her grievances against them), is overwhelming.

Just one word about the color: when we first see Ullmann in her hospital bed after the pill-taking, the oxygen tubes strapped to her nose are bright green. The color itself has the shock of hope.

Thanks to Bergman and company, his actors, his cinematographer Sven Nykvist, for even this unsatisfactory film. Next, please.

B.H. Haggin on ballet

The Genius of Balanchine

The repertory the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo presented when it first visited this country in 1933 included a few poor ballets like Massine's *Les Présages, Choreartium* and *Union Pacific*, but a sufficient number of good ones: Fokine's *Les Sylphides* and *Petrushka* and Massine's *Le Tricorne, La Boutique Fantasque* and *Le Beau Danube*, which were moving and enjoyable; and on the other hand Balanchine's *Concurrence* and *Cotillon*, which were, for me, made special, apart and fascinating by the idiosyncratic ballet vocabulary and syntax he employed with the invention, imagination and wit of a highly original mind. The apartness of Balanchine's works from those of other choreographers continued; and the more than 40 years since 1933 brought us, on the one hand, additional good works: the 19th-century classic *Giselle, Coppélia, Swan Lake, The Nutcracker* and *The Sleeping Beauty*, Nijinsky's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, Nijinska's *Les Noces*, Massine's *Gaîté Parisienne, Capriccio Espagnol* and *Aleko*, Tudor's *Lilac Garden, Romeo and Juliet* and *Pillar of Fire* (the last of which retained for others the impressiveness it lost for me), de Mille's *Three Virgins and a Devil, Rodeo* and *Tally-Ho*, Loring's *Billy the Kid*, Lew Christensen's *Filling Station*, Robbins' *Fancy Free, Afternoon of a Faun* and *Les Noces*, Herbert Ross' *Caprichos*, Ashton's *Façade, A Wedding Bouquet* and *The Dream*. But those years brought also ballets in which I could find little or nothing of value or interest: Tudor's *Gala Performance, Dark Elegies, Dim Luster, Undertow, Shadow of the Wind* and more recent *Echoing of Trumpets* and *Shadowplay*, de Mille's *Fall River Legend, Rib of Eve* and more recent pieces of Americana, Ross' later pieces and recent *The Maids*, Robbins' *Interplay, Facsimile, The Age of Anxiety, The Cage* and his recent Big Works, Ashton's *Cinderella, Illuminations* and *Symphonic Variations* (all of which lost the impressiveness they had for me at first), his *Daphnis and Chloë, Ondine, Enigma Variations* and *Jazz Calendar*, the ballets of MacMillan, Cranko, Cullberg, Butler, Tetley and Ailey. And on the other hand those years brought the succession of Balanchine's works, exhibiting individually and collectively a magnitude of developing powers and achievement that, for me, made him stand out above other choreographers as Picasso did above other painters.

The major difference between Balanchine's New York City Ballet and American Ballet Theater, then, is that one presents a repertory made for it by one of the towering creative geniuses in the arts, and the other does not. This is not to say that Ballet Theater doesn't have a number of ballets worth seeing—the 19th-century classics, the effective ballets made for it in the early '40s by Tudor, de Mille and Robbins, and even a Balanchine masterpiece, his 1947 *Theme and Variations*—in addition to later poor ones of Tudor, de Mille, Robbins, MacMillan, Nahat, Tetley and Ailey, among others. Nor is it to say that New York City Ballet has only Balanchine masterpieces: all along it has presented occasional less consequential pieces of his that, like some of Bach's and Mozart's, have represented the mere routine operation of his powers; it has also offered less consequential works of members of his company and uninteresting works of major choreographers like Tudor and Ashton; and in recent years more and more program time has been wasted by the enormous and empty works of Robbins. In the pages of *The New York Times* these Robbins works have provided the creativity of genius that Balanchine was no longer providing; on the stage, however, what they have provided has been interminable demonstrations of

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the limitations of Robbins' vocabulary and imagination in ballet invention, the unattractive results of the straining for novelty with which he has attempted to transcend those limitations, and his resort to show-biz tricks, cuteness, sentimentality and pretensions to profound meanings. One has had to guess at the explanation of Balanchine's allowing all this; and one of the guesses has been Robbins' box-office appeal. But I recall many empty seats last year and the year before; and what caused the public to fill the theater this year was the return of Suzanne Farrell to the company and the consequent restoration to her roles of the effect they had not had in her absence.

That brings us to a similarity between New York City Ballet and Ballet Theater where Balanchine sees a dissimilarity. We are disposed to grant an artistic genius the privilege of eccentric ideas about his art—in Balanchine's case the ideas not only stated by him but elaborated in the fancied-up press-agentry of Lincoln Kirstein's program notes and his book on New York City Ballet. However, the ideas' remoteness from reality is something a critic, when he perceives it, must point out; and I perceive it in the Balanchine ideas about "stars." This word means to him dancers whose exhibitions of their glamorous personalities in popular ballets like *Giselle* and *Swan Lake* bring them publicity, reputations and the drawing-power at the box-office that makes them desirable to companies like Ballet Theater but not to Balanchine. For him it is the dance movement that is important, not the dancer's "expression of an attractive idiosyncracy" (Kirstein's words); and his company is "a body of dancers without hierarchical status . . . an entire corps as a body of interchangeable soloists." All this is remote from the realities I see, which begin with the fact that Balanchine's powers of invention are set in operation by each dancer's individual capacities not merely in movement but in the subtleties of timing and inflection of the movements that give them the style that is different, personal, idiosyncratic with each dancer. His greatest dance invention, therefore, has been elicited by dancers with extraordinary physical capacities and dancing styles, which are what most people have in mind when they speak of dancers as stars. New York City Ballet's Allegra Kent, Violette Verdy, Suzanne Farrell, Patricia McBride, Jacques d'Amboise, Edward Villella, Peter Martins and Helgi Tomasson are no less stars, in this sense of the word, than are Ballet Theater's Natalia Makarova, Gelsey Kirkland, Erik Bruhn, Fernando Bujones and Mikhail Baryshnikov; they exhibit their individual dancing styles in Balanchine's works as Ballet Theater's stars do in that company's repertory; and these Ballet Theater dancers, like New York City Ballet's, employ their star-caliber capacities conscientiously in the service of what they perform. Moreover, though Balanchine has denied his leading dancers star status by listing them alphabetically with the corps in the program, he has tacitly conceded their star caliber in what he has given to them, not to the corps, to do on the stage. And when he has acted on his declared belief that his soloists are interchangeable he has shut his eyes to the inadequacy of Sara Leland and Christine Redpath in what he invented in *Liebeslieder Walzer* and *Emeralds* for Verdy, of McBride or even Farrell in what he invented in *Bugaku* for Kent, of Leland or Kay Mazzo in what he invented in *Don Quixote* and *Diamonds* for Farrell, of Jean-Pierre Bonnefous or even Martins in what he invented in *Who Cares?* for d'Amboise. But his shutting his eyes to these inadequacies doesn't make them invisible to others; and while an audience cannot object to a *Rubies* with someone in place of Villella when he is incapacitated by injuries, it may object to an *Emeralds* with someone in place of Verdy when there is nothing wrong with her.

Such exceptions noted, I can report that New York City Ballet's winter season presented a number of Balanchine's works superbly performed not only by its unacknowledged stars but by gifted younger soloists—Merrill Ashley, Colleen Neary, Susan Hendl, and an outstanding new male dancer, Daniel Duell. There were, that is, not only *Raymonda Variations* with Verdy and Martins, and *Diamonds* and *Agon* with Farrell and Martins, but *Concerto Barocco* with Neary as Farrell's associate in the Allegros in addition to Martins in the Adagio; *Symphony in C* with Verdy in one of her too rare appearances in the first movement, Farrell and Martins in the second, Ashley and Robert Weiss in the third, and Hendl and Victor Castelli in the fourth; *The Four Temperaments* with Bart Cook in the Melancholic Variation, Ashley and Duell in the Sanguinic, Bonnefous in th Phlegmatic, and Neary in the Choleric; *Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3* with Neary and Castelli in the Scherzo and Ashley and Martins in the concluding *Theme and Variations*.

As for Balanchine's new ballets, I was unable to see *The Steadfast Tin Soldier* but did see *Chaconne*, a fine work to the ballet music of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*, but with the strange feature of an introductory *pas de deux* for Farrell and Martins whose involuted style made it unrelated either to the sustained flute melody from The Dance of the Blessed Spirits to which it was danced, or to what it introduced—the charming dances for the lesser soloists, the incandescent series of variations for the two principals.

Ballet Theater, this year, offered three new works with Baryshnikov: Butler's *Medea*, Neumeier's *Hamlet: Connotations* and Twyla Tharp's *Push Comes to Shove*. An injury caused the cancellation of the performances I was to see of the first two; but I can report on the third. Baryshnikov had, in *Coppélia*, exhibited a gift for comedy in additon to his gift for casually executed feats of incredible virtuosity; but I wasn't prepared for his achievement, in the Prelude of the Tharp work, of what I would have thought impossible for him to achieve: a very funny take-off of an American vaudeville hoofer's eccentric dance to Joseph Lamb's *Bohemia Rag* (1919), in which his body moved in the twisting, thrusting, strutting style as if it had done nothing else all his life (Baryshnikov is the one who might be able to dance d'Amboise's role in *Who Cares?*). It was also an impressive achievement of Tharp's eye for the style and for Baryshnikov's capacities, and what seemed to me the one major achievement in the work.

Kirkland's distinctive lightness and effortlessly achieved clarity and perfection of changing bodily configuration

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worked as beautifully in Ballet Theater's *Giselle, Coppélia, La Sylphide* and *Lilac Garden* as in New York City Ballet's *Concerto Barocco* and *Theme and Variations;* and she was, in addition, amusing and witty in *Coppélia*, charmingly wilful in *La Sylphide*, and moving at its conclusion. I was too far from the stage to be able to report on her dramatic performance in *Giselle*, but near enough for her dancing in *Lilac Garden* to convey its emotional intensity.

The company's fourth new piece was a slight one, a *pas de trois* from Bournonville's *La Ventana* staged by Bruhn, which Bujones enlivened with his elegantly achieved feats of virtuosity. And these were even more impressive when seen in the context of his effective performance in a *Coppélia* with Eleanor D'Antuono.

Martine van Hamel's impressive Myrtha in *Giselle* must be mentioned, and her Sylphide in an earlier performance of *La Sylphide* than Kirkland's; also Ivan Nagy's James in both performances, and Bruhn's Madge in the second one.

A final observation: if I had written that the plays of Eugene O'Neill did not have now the impressiveness they had for me in my youth, this would have been considered valid as an instance of the revaluation that accompanies one's continuing experience of art; but when I did actually write this about many (but not all) works of Brahms, my statement was said to represent prejudice—*i.e.* judgment before, or without, or in the face of, experience, which in fact it did not. Or if I had written that the works of Picasso I had seen and the powers they exhibited made him, for me, someone who stood apart from, and towered above, the other painters of this century whom I admired, this too would have been considered valid as a response to my experience; but my writing it about the ballets and the powers of Balanchine was characterized (in a recent issue of the magazine *Ballet Review*) as an indulgence of prejudice for what Balanchine did with his New York City Ballet, and an intolerance of other choreographers' work for other companies, that made what I wrote special pleading rather than criticism. This again ignored my appreciative reports of these choreographers' achievements in some of their works—evidence, as I see it, that I had done with each work the reporting and evaluating of what I had seen that was what I had done also with each work of Balanchine, and what I understand criticism to be.

Books Considered

My Life by Golda Meir

(Putnam; $12.50)

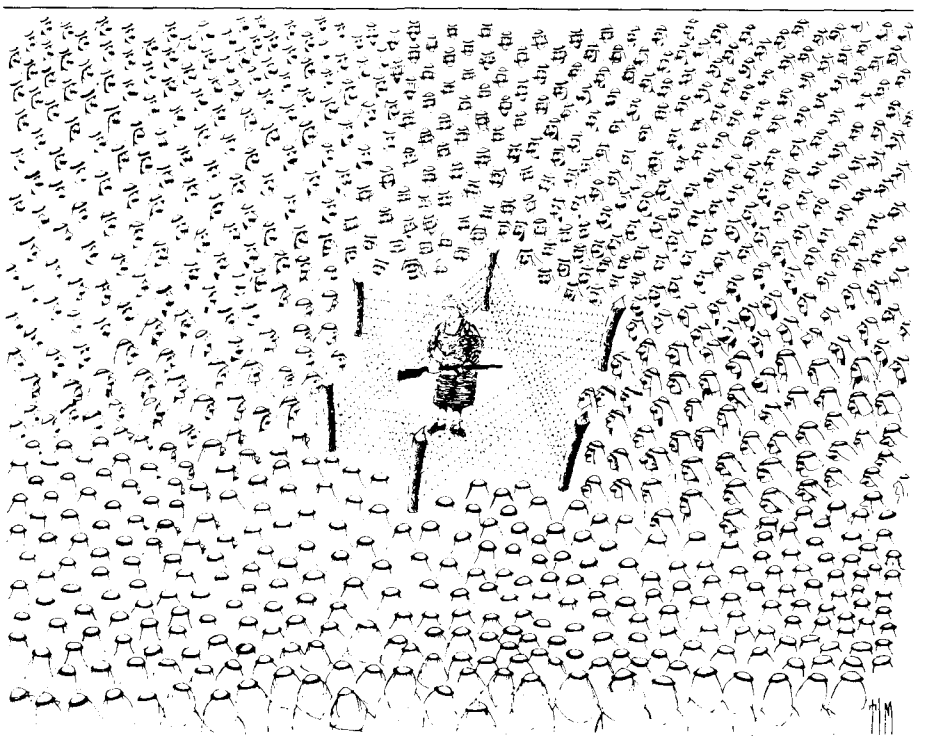
We received the following letter from Clare Boothe Luce in lieu of a formal review of the Golda Meir autobiography. With Mrs. Luce's permission we are printing her letter as the review.

You will have to forgive me for letting you down: I simply could not bring off a review of Golda Meir's book that seemed to me worthy of the pages of *The New Republic*. I have made a half-dozen stabs at it, and have thrown them all in the wastebasket.

First, I found I could not write a word of criticism about this heroic old woman. She may not be above the judgment of her own people, but she is certainly above mine. Anyway, as a consequence of this critical inhibition, everything I did write read rather like a plug for her canonization or an In Memoriam. And as Mrs. Meir is still very much in the land of the living, and even at 78 may be "the best man" in Israel, my memorial tributes would certainly have seemed premature to your readers.

Secondly, the story of Golda Meir's rise to greatness, despite the somewhat deceptive candor with which she tells it, remains in my mind as one of the great mysteries of the human spirit. (The *mysterium tremendum* of the God of Israel in His dealing with one of His chosen people.)

She was born in Russia, in a pit of poverty and oppression. All the circumstances of her childhood were calculated to wither her spirit, cripple her will, and leave her with no greater ambition than to survive from day to day. Her first vivid memory—at the age of 3—was the fear of being trampled to death under the hooves of Cossack horses. There seemed to have been not a single good fairy at her cradle. The external gifts of feminine grace and beauty were not inordinately bestowed on her. Nor did any muse endow her with a "creative" talent. Except for glancing, though sympathetic, references here and there to her husband's fondness for poetry and music (Omar Khayyam and phonograph records), there is no evidence that Golda Meir herself ever had any real interest in art, music or literature. Her girlhood, spent in the Jewish district of Milwaukee, was free of the grim terrors of Czarist pogroms. But it remained a drab, shabby existence, full of endless family concerns about money. Her parents were worriers and naggers. They did not support even her modest ambition to finish a public high school education. Her mother's highest ambition for her was to have her marry a good Jewish man with an income, hopefully a little above the poverty level. At 20, she married the young man of her choice.



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Morris Myerson was a sign painter, with no great ambition to be anything else. In a touching letter written to her during their long (and placid) courtship, he confessed that he quite lacked the virtue she seemed most to admire, an "indomitable will." He was a compliant rather than a supportive mate. No stroke of luck brought the young couple contacts with well-to-do, no less rich or powerful friends who might have helped them up the American ladder. When Golda decided that she must migrate to Palestine and live and labor in a kibbutz, Morris reluctantly consented. Altogether it is hard to imagine a young female less likely to become a world-famous figure than the poor, plain "Yiddisher" girl from Kiev and Milwaukee, who landed in 1920 in British-mandated Palestine with apparently nothing to contribute to her people but a strong back. And yet—and yet, if there were no good fairies at her cradle, there seemed to be One present there who had plans of His own for her future—the God of Israel. And He bestowed on her three rare gifts: He gave her a vision—a single-pointed vision—if you will, a "tunnel vision"—of the rebirth of Zion and the end of the 2000-year-old Diaspora. He gave her courage, the greatest of all the virtues, since it is the ladder on which all the other virtues must mount, and He gave it to her in abundance. And He gave her the gift of loving, which is to say the consuming desire to work and sacrifice for the peace and security of her people in the Land of Israel.

Golda Meir would certainly not accept this interpretation of herself as a "chosen vessel." "As for the Jews being a chosen people," she writes, "I never quite accepted that. It seemed, and still seems to me, more reasonable to believe, not that God chose the Jews, but that the Jews were the first people that chose God, the first people to have done something truly revolutionary, and it was this choice that made them unique."

There is some evidence in the book that Golda Meir privately considers herself an Agnostic. But the truth, I suspect, is that while she believes in His existence she is—and understandably—sore at Him for seeming to love his "chosen people" considerably less than she does. I am reminded of St. Theresa of Avila who in an hour of sore trial, cried, "No wonder, God, people think so poorly of You when they see how badly You treat even those who serve You most faithfully!"

To say that Golda Meir is a proud-necked saint and an unconscious mystic is to utter contradictions in terms. But how else is one to reconcile her recognition of the binding powers of Faith on the Jewish people and her acceptance of it as the source of their "uniqueness" and "peoplehood," with her own seeming rejection of it?

Ben-Gurion probably recognized the mystic in Golda Meir. The book reveals that he urged her to drop her husband's name—Myerson—and take the name "Meir," which means in Hebrew "illumination." Whether Golda herself understood it or not, Ben-Gurion seemed to understand that she was an *illuminati*—one of those rare beings whose minds, being free of the fog of self-serving ambition, quickly grasp the truth or the reality of every situation.

An American official who had many contacts with Meir when she was prime minister told me that she had "the uncanny ability to cut to the core of the most complicated problem, and to summarize the best possible solution in a few simple sentences. She never got bogged down in Talmudic reasoning."

But there is a third reason I have found it difficult to write about the book. I feel very deeply about the survival of Israel, which it does not seem to me can be taken for granted. The future of Israel is still in peril, and this means that another holocaust—and another Diaspora—is possible. (About that dread prospect, I have no very helpful thoughts to offer.)

"There are 21 Arab states," writes Golda Meir, "rich in oil, land and sovereignty. There is only one small state, in which Jewish national independence has been dearly achieved. Surely it is not extravagant to demand that in the current power play the right of a small democracy to freedom and life be not betrayed?"

Meir has been both the foreign minister and the prime minister of her country. She is well aware that her question is simply bitter rhetoric. "The world is harsh, selfish, and materialistic," she writes. "It is insensitive to the sufferings of small nations." No one knows so well as she does that there is not a single power in the world which is willing today to risk even a second oil embargo, no less involvement in a war with the Soviet-supported Arabs, in order to defend the independence of Israel. She also knows that, as matters stand, this includes the United States.

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Vietnam has been a recrudescence of isolationism and America First-ism among the American people. They have reverted to the belief of the '20s and '30s that the security, but especially the prosperity of America can best be assured by non-intervention in the conflicts of other nations. There is no doubt that the American people feel a profound sympathy for the Israeli people. Indeed, since 1947, this has been translated into some 30 billion dollars of economic and military aid. Also there is no doubt that so long as Israel continues to survive, aid in substantial amounts will continue. But the sympathy that prompts it will not, as matters stand, be translated into military intervention, even to save Israel. Golda Meir remembers what a younger generation of Israelis do not remember, that the even *greater* sympathy Americans felt for the French and the British in 1940-41 did not incline them to join the terrible battle against Hitler. France fell, England was falling and still Americans did not intervene. It took Pearl Harbor to translate sympathy into military action.

Golda Meir does not blink the realities of US-Israel relations. In the days of the Yom Kippur war, when US diplomatic pressure forced Israel to accept cease fire terms hurtful to its best interests, she told her cabinet, "There is only one country to which we can turn, and sometimes we have to give in to it—even when we know we shouldn't. But it is the only real friend we have, and a very powerful one. We don't have to say yes to everything, but let's call things by their proper name. There is nothing to be ashamed of when a small country like Israel has to give in sometimes to the United States. And when we do say yes, let's for God's sake, not pretend that it is otherwise and that black is white."

Golda Meir knows that Israel's hope of survival depends both on continued—and massive—economic and defense aid and diplomatic support from the United States, and on the courage and political unity of the Israeli people. Neither the one nor the other alone will suffice to keep Israel free in the decade ahead.

And she has no illusions about ultimate Arab intentions. "I have never doubted for an instant that the true aim of the Arab states has been, and still is, the total destruction of the State of Israel."

In passing, one of Meir's dearest illusions—certainly *the* dearest—was shattered during the Yom Kippur war. This was the illusion that the Socialist countries of the West would rally to the support of Israel in its great hour of danger. "For my own good," she told Socialist Willy Brandt, "I need to know what possible meaning socialism can have when not a single Socialist country in all of Europe was prepared to come to the aid of the only democracy in the Middle East." She discovered the answer at a meeting of the Socialist International in London: Arab oil is thicker than Jewish blood, even in the Socialist democracies. Socialism had been her secular religion. One can only guess how cruelly hurt she must have been by the wholesale betrayal of her fellow Socialists.

I cannot forbear mentioning that she felt there was one leader of the West who did not betray her—or Israel: Richard Nixon. Recounting the appeals she made to Washington in the early days of the Yom Kippur war, she wrote, "President Nixon had promised to help us, and I knew from my past experience he would not let us down. Let me . . . repeat something that I have said often before (usually to the extreme annoyance of many of my American friends). However history judges Richard Nixon . . . it must also be put on the record forever that he did not break a single one of the promises he made to us."

It will take enormous wisdom on the part of Israeli leaders to "sweat out" the dangerous decade ahead. The Founding Fathers, who brought Israel into existence, Chaim Weizmann, Ben-Gurion, Eshkol, have all passed on. Golda Meir, the "Founding Mother," is the last living link with the giants who made the dream of Zion come true. She is the living symbol of Jewish courage. What a pity that she is no longer in a position of leadership. Who better could "illuminate" the gloom that seems to have descended on the Israeli spirit.

I hope the length of this letter has persuaded you that my failure to write the review was not because of lack of interest in the subject, but because I did not think I could do justice to it.

Sincerely, Clare Boothe Luce

Mrs. Luce is a playwright who has served as a member of Congress and as US ambassador to Italy.

Alger Hiss: The True Story By John Chabot Smith

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $15)

The deception begins with the title. Nowhere in this book, once you get past the cover and the title pages, does John Chabot Smith have the gall to say that the theory he concocts to support his belief that Alger Hiss was wrongly convicted of perjury by a federal court jury in New York on January 21, 1950, is "the true story." Instead he writes (pages 405-406) that "the whole truth . . . may never be known in all its details" and that he here undertakes "to put together an explanation that is more likely to be true than the guesses made by either Murphy (the prosecutor) or Cross (the chief defense attorney at Hiss' second trial)." The most that Smith says for his theory is that "it is the only explanation that fits all the undisputed facts." He concludes his feeble justification with one of many jabs at Whittaker Chambers, the sometime Communist spy who had accused Hiss of being a Communist, too, and of supplying Chambers with secret documents and other information while Hiss was a rising official in the State Department in the late 1930s. Smith says that his "explanation" is "consistent with most of Chambers' testimony, though not all. Nothing could be consistent with all of Chambers' testimony, because he contradicted himself so much."

Smith, then, is honest. The book is not: the full, deceptive title recurs at the top of every even-numbered page. It thus sustains the central thrust of the account, which is that Whittaker Chambers was a lying psychopath who was moved by hatred and a dreadful need to fulfill his "fantasies" to frame and destroy Alger Hiss. A major fault of the book arises from a major difficulty that the author evidently had throughout the writing of it. Too many awkward facts must be accommodated to make any theoretical solution wholly convincing. Chambers unquestionably lied, often and in many different circumstances—under oath to the House Committee on Un-American Activities and to a grand jury, and, after he broke with the Communist party and with the Soviet intelligence service, to his employers at Time Inc. But, as I shall try to show on the basis of an acquaintance and a relationship with Whittaker Chambers that Smith never had,

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Chambers was not the chronic and compulsive liar that he is assumed in this book to have been.

"Fantasies" Chambers may have had. Smith toys again and again with the notion, still popular among the cult of Hiss defenders, that Chambers' entire story of secret spying for the Soviet Union and of friendship with Hiss was a product of fantasy. "The undisputed facts" deny Smith and other apologists for Alger Hiss that comforting way out. It is beyond dispute that Whittaker Chambers was a Communist, that he was a Soviet spy, and that he knew Alger Hiss during the period when he said he did and Hiss first said he didn't.

The same facts, along with Smith's manifestly genuine conviction that Alger Hiss was and is a wronged innocent, drive Smith to several preposterous suppositions. One of them—simplified here—is that Chambers during a visit to or stay in one of the Hiss homes in Washington saw Priscilla Hiss' old Woodstock typewriter and bought one like it from a second-hand dealer who did business with *The New Masses* when Chambers was one of its Communist writers and editors. The theory continues that Chambers with this typewriter—not the Hiss Woodstock exhibited at the second trial—copied the State Department documents that he accused Alger and perhaps Priscilla Hiss of copying for him. Out with this theory went the allegation, long propounded by Hiss and still fondly recited by Smith, that somebody had a copy of the Hiss Woodstock manufactured and thus enabled Chambers to commit "forgery by typewriter." The reader is left rather confused as to which typewriter defense Smith prefers. Smith, indeed, is so determined to prove Hiss innocent and Whittaker Chambers guilty of perjury that he finds it impossible to abandon altogether any of the many theories, including other explanations of the damning Woodstock, that have been invoked since 1949 to acquit Hiss and condemn Chambers. Allen Weinstein's conclusion in this journal's February 14 issue and in the April 1 *New York Review of Books* that documents obtained by him from the FBI and from Hiss' files prove that Hiss is and has been the principal liar seems convincing to me. This I have believed since Chambers publicly accused Hiss in 1948. Why I have believed and still believe that Chambers in his final story told the truth is set forth in the remainder of this account.

When Chambers came to work for *Time* as a book reviewer in April 1939, I was a *Time* writer specializing in labor affairs. Many of my friends in New York were Communists or, like me, sympathizers with what I understood to be the Communist approach to many though not all world and domestic issues. I was occasionally asked to join the Communist party and probably would have done so if I had not been a habitual non-joiner. Some of these friends had asked me about Chambers and what he was doing on *Time*. They were merely inquisitive, not hostile, so far as I could tell. I gathered from their inquiries that Chambers, then unknown to me, knew a lot of people I did or was known to them. Why, I didn't know.

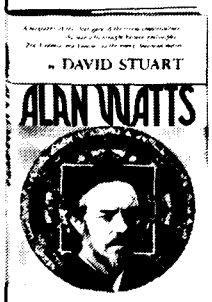
I am reasonably sure that Chambers' conclusion and certainty that I was a secret Communist originated at the moment, which must have been soon after he joined *Time*, when he appeared at the door of my cubbyhole and introduced himself. I recall him at the moment as a pallid, plump and dumpy man who seemed to be apologizing with his timid smile for intruding upon me. It happened that I'd been invited to a cocktail party for the producers and cast of *The Cradle Will Rock*, a musical darling of the Left. I asked Chambers if he'd like to accompany me. The effect upon him was unforgettable. He stiffened. The little blood below the skin of his pale face drained away. He truly "went white." Without a word he whirled and *ran* from my office. When I asked others about this behavior, I first heard that Chambers was an ex-Communist who had recently left the party, feared for his life, carried a gun (probably untrue) and seldom spent more than one night in the same hotel when he was in New York (his family was secluded for safety on a small Maryland farm). It all sounded weird to me, but Chambers' manner as just described made it believable.

Some years later, when I was the foreign editor of *Time*, another episode made it believable that he'd been more deeply involved in Soviet-Communist activity than any of us then knew. He came to my office with a carbon copy of a story about wartime Russia. It included a few lines describing a feature of Odessa. He said flatly that the description was incorrect; the street or section or building or whatever the lines described looked so-and-so. I said, "Oh, you've been there?" Again he went rigid and unusually pale, stammered that he'd never been to Russia, and ran from my office. After Chambers disclosed that he'd been a working Soviet spy, another ex-Communist told me that Whit had been secretly to Russia at least once. It was never established that he had.

Chambers testified during the preliminaries to the Hiss case and during the two Hiss trials that he'd told Assistant Secretary of State Adolf Berle in 1939 about his secret spy role and given Berle a list of his confederates, Hiss among them. Berle told me in 1961, when he was again an Assistant Secretary of State in the Kennedy administration, that Chambers had also given him a list of Time Inc. employes whom he knew or believed to be Communists. My recollection is that Berle said I was on that list, but I could be wrong about his telling me this. I could have assumed that I was on the Berle list because I knew that Chambers had been certain, and had told my employers, that I was a secret Communist.

Now we come to the point of all this and its bearing upon my analysis of Whittaker Chambers and his credibility. Chambers went wrong and was unbelievable when he deduced this or that from what he knew. He was seldom wrong and always believable, in my observation of him, when he spoke of what he'd done and knew others to have done. Thus it would have been in

Alan Watts
David Stuart



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character for him to be wrong if he deduced from what he'd heard or observed of Hiss' behavior that Hiss was a Communist. When he said that he and Hiss had met at such and such times in such and such places for this or that purpose, he was believable. Eight of 12 jurors believed him at Hiss' first trial. Twelve of 12 believed him at the second trial. John Chabot Smith reported both trials for the *New York Herald Tribune* and in his stories made it obvious that he believed Hiss and disbelieved Chambers. I was among the *Herald Tribune* readers who, as Smith acknowledges in his book, "said my reporting was pro-Hiss." I was convinced then and am convinced now that Smith simply did not comprehend Whittaker Chambers and didn't know how to distinguish his truth from his lies—or, more accurately and charitably, his misjudgments.

I had an unusual education in the perception of Whittaker Chambers. By his lights, Chambers had every reason not only to suppose but to affirm as fact, to employers and officials who could have ruined me, that I was a secret Communist. When I established beyond doubt in the mid-1940s that he was saying as much to my editors, I sent word to him that I'd beat his goddam face to a pulp if I heard of his saying it again. So far as I know, he didn't say it again. But he continued to act upon the belief.

And why not? For instance, I twice persuaded the company to increase its payments to the Federated Press, a mailed news service that was dominated by Communists and was always on the verge of bankruptcy. One of its Communist editors was a friend of mine. I didn't care about the Communist presence. My sole interest was that it was the only service that digested news and opinion in the country's labor union press. To me as *Time*'s labor writer, it was an invaluable and unique service. To Chambers, my use of and favors to the service were proof positive that I had to be a Communist. He persuaded the managing editor to cancel the Federated Press contract and transfer me to other duty—writing pre-war defense establishment news! During one of the Hiss trials, I forget which one, Chambers cited as evidence of Communist influence on *Time* the fact that I had edited and published a favorable story about Hiss in his role as secretary general of the founding United Nations conference in San Francisco in 1945. Chambers didn't know that Henry Luce, who attended the conference, was impressed by Hiss and ordered me to have the story written and printed. Luce was furious with me when I killed the first story submitted to me because it was poorly done and severely cut a second version that he had approved.

In the course of changes that I won't bore the reader with, Chambers succeeded me as foreign editor of *Time* in the summer of 1944, outraged most of the magazine's foreign correspondents with his butchering of dispatches that he thought to be pro-Communist, and relinquished the foreign editorship to me when he fell ill. I took the job back only when I got Luce's promise, relayed to me through managing editor T.S. Matthews, that Chambers would never again replace me in any job and that he never again would be put in a position to misuse and distort the reports of *Time*'s foreign correspondents. In late 1945, I was offered and welcomed an assignment to head Time Inc.'s London bureau, serving all Luce magazines. Soon after I accepted, Matthews told me that Chambers had recovered from what all of us had assumed to be a permanently disabling illness and that he was again to replace me as foreign editor. I reminded Matthews of the promise that I had from Luce through him and insisted that it be honored. Matthews begged me to skip it and spare him the task of telling Luce that Chambers, who then was still a favorite of his, could not have back a job that he desperately wanted. Matthews pleaded that the promise would not have been made if he and Luce had not thought at the time that Chambers would never again be able to swing a full-time job. I said that I could not prevent the appointment of anyone to any job in Time Inc. but that I would refuse the London assignment if Chambers were brought back to foreign news. Max Ways, the writer whom I had recommended for the job, refused to join me in the battle and I felt very much alone. Matthews finally went to Luce and Luce honored his promise. Robert T. Elson wrote in his company history of Time Inc. that Chambers, bitterly disappointed, first disbelieved and then accepted the official story that the decision was "dictated by management's concern for his health." In a letter conveying the foregoing and other details of a very complex affair, I wrote Elson that "I came to realize long ago that all concerned, except me, expunged the facts from their memories, and, I assume, their memos." They evidently did; Elson omits the story.

Toward the end of Chambers' employment at *Time*, when the disclosure that he had been much more than a simple Communist and had actually been a Soviet spy proved too much for Luce, Whit and I enjoyed a brief season of friendliness. His famous and prescient "Ghosts on the Roof," a fictional account that rightly interpreted the Yalta conference as a triumph for Stalin, came up during one of our conversations. Chambers had assumed that I had inspired and mobilized what he would call in *Witness* "the general malevolence" aroused by the piece among many on the staff. I told him that I had sent my carbon to Matthews with a note to the effect that it was a brilliant piece and should be run as written. Matthews had never told him that. So Whit believed until near the end that I was as dedicated to his professional ruin as he was to mine during most of our association.

John Osborne

Theories of American Literature Vol. I, The Native Muse; Vol. II, A Storied Land Ed. by Richard Ruland

(Dutton; paper, $6.95)

How the life of this new country might best be rendered in words is a question that has been argued since the early days of the Plymouth Colony. Governor William Bradford thought that the task required "a plain style, with singular regard to the simple truth in all things." John Cotton of the Bay Colony agreed with him, in his preface to the Bay Song Book, but a few years later Michael Wigglesworth wrote in praise of eloquence, by the power of which, he said, "ould truth receivs a new habit." Debate on this and related topics continued through colonial times and was intensified during the early 19th century. Would or should America have a literature of its own, distinct from English literature? Would the distinction be in style or spirit or subject matter? How did our authors compare

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with those of England? There were arguments continually renewed in critical journals until World War II, when they died away. By that time the country was no longer new and had become a nation among others.

This is the vast field that Richard Ruland, head of the English department at Washington University, St. Louis, has chosen to explore in a two-volume anthology. His first volume, *A Native Muse*, extends from the opening lines of Bradford's *History of Plimmouth Plantation* to Whitman's "Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads." Published in 1972, the volume is now reissued in a paperbound edition uniform with *A Storied Land*, which has just appeared. That second volume, which is my immediate subject, begins with the aftermath of the Civil War and records the rest of the controversy in longer and shorter extracts and, wherever possible, in complete essays. It is a fascinating book to dip into and even to read consecutively.

I have some minor cavils, including the want of an index. In the editorial notes more attention might have been paid to historical context and the changing climate of opinion. Some authors might have been better identified: for example, we aren't told that Theodore Watts, the English poet and critic, is better known as Theodore Watts-Dunton. The last 50 pages of the book, dealing with the period after World War I, seem hastily put together, by contrast with earlier sections, and fail to include several authors who contributed to the long discussion: Sinclair Lewis (in his Nobel Prize address), William Carlos Williams, W. H. Auden, and Gertrude Stein, to mention only a few. But despite these shortcomings, the two volumes are immensely valuable as a record of the hopes entertained for American literature and of the changing place it has occupied in the national consciousness.

A number of themes keep recurring in *A Storied Land*, with one critic repeating or contradicting another at intervals of as much as half a century. One theme, first announced by Hawthorne in 1860, is the difficulty of writing romantic fiction in a land with so few memories. "Romance and poetry," Hawthorne said, "ivy lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow." That note is echoed by a dozen others until it is sounded for the last time by Dos Passos, incidentally in his first contribution (1916) to *The New Republic*. Another recurrent theme is exactly opposite, namely, the romantic opportunities that novelists should find in American life. Says Arnold Bennett, writing in 1903, "This intensity of competition, this interplay of warring activities, this havoc of operations in Wall Street, these monstrous concatenations of dollars, will lead to enterprises equally prodigious, fierce, and astounding in the region of imaginative art." Bennett was a keen observer, though not of the American psyche. Still another theme is the comparative ranking of American and British authors—Howells against Meredith, G.W. Cable against Hardy—as if they were football stars cheered on by thousands. "The American who did not back his own colors," says Brander Matthews in 1891, "would be a craven, of course, and also would be deficient in the critical faculty."

A theme that intrigued me more than others was the once persistent yearning to write or at least to discover a Great American Novel. Each of the three words impels one to ask questions. What did the critics mean by "great" in talking about prose fiction? What did they regard as "American"? And why did they choose "a novel" as representing the nation, considering that American writing has been less distinguished in that field than in the other field of romance, a less objective, more internalized form? Why not a great American drama or autobiography or poem? None of the questions was truly answered in the course of more than 50 years, but a discussion—as recorded in *A Storied Land*—casts light on the successive ideals of the writing community.

It is a neglected author, J.W. DeForest, who introduces the topic. A friend of his, he says, "a fairly clever person"—is he thinking of himself?—"had the craze in his head that he will some day write a great American novel." There isn't much likelihood, DeForest concludes, that the friend will realize his ambition. Such a novel would have to be national in scope, and our nation has no effective center. DeForest was writing shortly after the Civil War, when nationalism was a dominent theme. In the 1880s literary interest shifted to regionalism in the form of "local color." "The Federal nation has at length manifested a consciousness of the continental diversity of its forms of life," writes Edward Eggleston, dean of the local-color school. "The 'great American novel,' for which prophetic critics yearned so fondly twenty years ago, is appearing in sections." Mark Twain is of the same opinion. "When a thousand able novels have been written," he says in 1895, "*there* you have the soul of the people, the life of the people, the speech of the people . . . I think that there is but a single specialty with us, only one thing that can be called by the wide name 'American.' That is the national devotion to ice-water."

Realism was in fashion from 1890 to 1895, and of course it was prophesied that the GAN would be realistic. Then came a "cleansing surge," as it was called, of romance and ideality, together with new specifications for the great book still to be written. "Beauty, love, and heroism are the ethics of fiction," Cora Harris writes from Georgia in 1903. "And for this reason it ought to suggest ideality rather than the meanest of all realities." Its ideal qualities were set forth with a profusion of adjectives, mostly in the comparative degree: "higher," "loftier," "larger," "deeper," "finer," "nobler," "grander"—though the great novel should also be "bravest" and "best." Nobody added that it would inescapably be dull. "Your literature, ah, I have no hope!" literary critic Georg Brandes, here on a visit from Denmark in 1914, exclaimed in an interview. "Your books are written by old maids for old maids."

In 1927 Edith Wharton wrote a rather indignant essay that pleaded for her international point of view. The essay, called "The Great American Novel," is the last mention of the topic in Ruland's book. By that time most American writers—with Dos Passos as an exception—had abandoned the dream of writing a GAN. A discussion that lasted for 60 years had called forth a quantity of eloquence, wisdom, foolishness and fury—in fact, almost everything except the notion that "greatness" exists in the minds of the audience as much as in the work itself, being conferred on a book by a national consensus of readers and interpreters. The irony is that a great American novel of romance—one destined to create such a consensus after World War II—had been written many years before the discussion started. No American critic quoted by Ruland shows any sign of having read *Moby Dick*. The only mention of the book is by an anonymous reviewer for the London *Athenaeum*, who praises it by its English title, *The Whale*.

Malcolm Cowley

Malcolm Cowley, the distinguished American critic, was associate editor of this journal from 1929 to 1944.

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Reconsideration

The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald

(Scribners; $1.65 paper)

If *The Great Gatsby* is not a religious novel—and I am not sure of that—it is at least profoundly concerned with religious issues. Its central issue, indeed, turns out to be a religious one, and the novel defines it in religious terms.

Nick Carraway defines Jay Gatsby, rather portentously, as a "son of God," explaining that he sprang from a "Platonic conception of himself." He was the child of his own imagination much more than of his actual father. Numerous critics have noticed that when we first see Gatsby looking at the green light at the end of the Buchanan dock the moment has a strange quality of religious awe, of ritual and adoration. His religion of course is not Christianity—but it does have a name, implicit in the imagery with which Fitzgerald surrounds Gatsby, and it has an ancient theological history.

Consider the paragraph immediately before the one in which we see Gatsby trembling with adoration. It is filled with a kind of imagery that spreads out from Jay Gatsby in concentric circles.

> *The wind had blown off, leaving a loud bright night, with wings beating in the trees and a persistent organ sound as the full bellows of the earth blew the frogs full of life. The silhouette of a moving cat wavered across the moonlight, and turning my head to watch it, I saw that I was not alone . . .*

The passage has connections not only with the world of romance but with that of folklore. Gatsby is associated with magic and witchcraft. Attempting to win a victory over time and mortality, he is the divinity of a world whose distinguishing motif is magical transformation. Consider the famous paragraph near the beginning in which we first meet Daisy Buchanan—née Fay—sitting on a couch in the Buchanan's East Egg mansion with Jordan Baker.

This is a magic castle, magical with a vengeance, and the very landscape around it is alive with spirits.

The sense of strange transformation pervades the book. There are those three Negroes Nick sees crossing the Queensboro Bridge into Manhattan, where "anything can happen." "As we crossed Blackwell's Island a limousine passed us, driven by a white chauffer, in which sat three modish negroes, two bucks and a girl. I laughed aloud as the yokes of their eyeballs rolled toward us in haughty rivalry." In their own way, these are black Gatsbys. The "gray old man" from whom Myrtle Wilson buys a pup "bore an absurd resemblance to John D. Rockefeller," a farcical variation on the theme of the transformation of reality. Nick's family, the Carraways, of course also participate: "we have a tradition that we're descended from the Dukes of Buccleuch, but the actual founder of my line was my grandfather's brother . . ."

Those crucial three words in that sentence establish the stance of Nick: "but the actual." He has not, to use Conrad's phrase, "kicked free of the earth." Conrad applies this phrase to Mr. Kurtz, with whom Gatsby has many connections. It is his sense of the "actual" that finally excludes Nick from the magical Gatsby world.

The culminating example of transformation in the book is of course Jay Gatsby himself, formerly Jimmie Gatz, and even his name beautifully embodies it. "Gatsby" is a prettied up "gat," a pistol with a British suffix, a name beautifully appropriate to a gangster and would-be Oxford man. In a brilliant passage at the beginning of Chapter III, Fitzgerald employs the possessive pronoun "his" to create a world centered on Gatsby, "his" world.

As the divinity of his magical world, Gatsby has all the customary divine trappings. He rides in a chariot, "a rich cream-colored car, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous length with triumphant hat-boxes and toolboxes, and terraced with a labyrinth of windshields that mirrored a dozen suns." It gives out "a burst of melody on its three-noted horn." It has "fenders spread like wings," and it spreads light through half Astoria. For the time being, the divine Gatsby is invulnerable. When a motorcycle cop stops him, he merely shows a card from the commissioner: "Know you next time, Mr. Gatsby. Excuse *me*." And like any magician he wears garments rich and strange.

In *Gatsby* money creates possibility, another name for freedom, and enables the magical transformations to occur. Money is the solvent, the freer of spirits pure and impure. At the outset Nick Carraway begins his novitiate in this peculiar world of magic. "I bought a dozen volumes on banking and credit and investment securities and they stood on my shelf in red and gold like new money from the mint, promising to unfold the secrets that only Midas and Morgan and Maecenas knew." Most sentences in *Gatsby* are rich in meaning, but that one is especially worth pausing over. J.P. Morgan was an actual person, familiar in the rotogravures, but Midas was a mythical figure and also a magician who performed transformations, while Maecenas, though historical, melts into folklore. The alliteration assimilates Morgan to this magical company.

The familiar one dollar bill, quite appropriately colored green, explicitly constitutes a ticket of admission to this visionary company. Notice the two sides of the Great Seal, reproduced on the back of the bill. The front of the Great Seal shows the familiar eagle with his arrows and his olive branch, but the other side of the Great Seal is strange and not a little sinister. It presents a pyramid with a human eye at its apex, the symbol being framed by two Latin tags! "Novus Ordo Seclorum" (New Order of Time) and "Annuit Coeptis" (Begun Under Favorable—Divine—Auspices). There, unmistakably, is the "dream," nourished in 17th and 18th century discontents. Time will begin again, in uniquely favored America. Eden will be restored. It is the Dutch sailors' dream, on the last page of Gatsby, and, appropriately enough, it is democratically announced on the one-dollar bill. Appropriately, again, that is the only denomination depicting, on the other side, the founder George Washington. On the higher denominations things get more historical and more complicated. But, with the one dollar bill—to echo Nick Carraway—anything is possible.

The numerous automobiles in *Gatsby* have frequently been commented upon, chiefly as they reflect character. The name of Jordan Baker even exploits dissonantly the significance of two automobile names: the Jordan Playboy, a flashy sports car of the period, and the Baker Electric, a slower moving vehicle favored by the socially conservative. But there is another aspect to those cars. As early as 1908, the Italian esthetic theorist F.T. Marinetti grasped the profound meaning of the automobile, a meaning having little to do with the practical matter of transportation. Marinetti's "Futurist Manifesto" of 1908, usually viewed as the founding charter of the modern movement in the

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arts, celebrates the automobile as the perfect expression of the modern spirit. It was a machine controlled by the individual himself, the ultimate expression of individual autonomy. The automobile, noted Marinetti, expressed the taste and will of the individual and conferred upon him the gift of speed. It annihilated space (just as Gatsby was trying to annihilate time). In the Fifth Proposition of his Futurist Manifesto, Marinetti urges the modern artist to "hymn the man at the steering wheel, whose ideal axis passes through the center of the earth." In *Gatsby* the automobile possesses a Marinetti-like significance, each car the personal signature of its owner, the climax being, naturally, Gatsby's own car "giving out a burst of melody from its three noted horn." Fitzgerald's judgment of these automobiles and what they stand for is much more ambivalent than Marinetti's, but, like the Italian, Fitzgerald grasps their significance and gives them a central role in this novelistic phenomenology of the modern spirit.

A powerful counter-current, however, runs through *Gatsby*, asserting itself against the idea of unlimited possibility, and affirming the objective structure of reality. The book handles Jay Gatsby with great tenderness, but it also judges him as heretical in his transactions with reality. All of his avowals come into collision with it: that time is not real, that we do not grow older, that we prevail over experience, that Daisy was never really married and never really loved Tom Buchanan, that crime and idealism can successfully coexist, that he is an Oxford man. Gatsby's whole project of annihilating time, and rolling back the clock to the period before Daisy's marriage to Tom, is really an attempt to deny the reality of man's objective existence *in* time: it is an assault upon the fact of man's mortality. Throughout the book, indeed, time in its objective reality is everpresent, both literally and symbolically. The entire story is told in retrospect, in the past tense, and the elegaic tone is pervasive. The story itself moves with the seasons, beginning in the spring and ending in the fall. Nick can recall the names of the guests—superb catalog—who came to Gatsby's house "that summer" because he had written their names in the empty spaces of a timetable.

> *It is an old timetable now, disintegrating at its folds, and headed "This schedule in effect July 5th, 1922." But I can still read the gray names . . .*

The names are now gray, matching the dust in the valley of ashes; the people who correspond to those names are imprisoned by time, and they themselves are or soon will be dust: there was "Edgar Beaver, whose hair, they say, turned cotton white one winter afternoon." Even America, the new nation the Dutch sailors saw, the fresh start, is subject to time: the timetable begins on July 5. It is no longer the day of creation.

In the climactic scene where Gatsby at long last meets Daisy again in Nick's cottage, time presses in upon us. The man with a lawn mower arrives at 11 o'clock, flowers arrive at two, Gatsby comes an hour later, and so on. Ironically, Gatsby now wants time to go more quickly: "Nobody's coming to tea. It's too late." All of this comes to a climax in a marvelous paragraph in which, when Daisy does arrive, Gatsby conceals his nervousness by feigning ease and leaning back against the mantlepiece, his head nearly toppling a clock.

No, Gatsby cannot annihilate time. Even he, at last, must set the clock back in place with trembling fingers, submit to time. And soon he will be rigid indeed. "Dimly I heard someone murmur 'Blessed are the dead that the rain falls on . . .'" The touch, light but definitive, is exactly right; the traditional wisdom, the liturgical phrasing, echo with total appropriateness at Gatsby's funeral. Gatsby, as Nick says, paid a high price for living too long with a single dream, and that price was that he literally "lost the world." His mad project separated him from reality. Gatsby's idealism, which throughout the book is implicated in a wider American idealism, represents a kind of treason, a treason to being, and the foul dust that floated in the wake of Gatsby's dreams is the awareness of that treason.

I have noted earlier Gatsby's parodic relationship to Christ—he is a false Christ, Christ as magician or gnostic—but there may also be present in this novel a pattern of imagery suggesting a parodic relationship to the Old Testament as well (I am indebted for some of the following points to James Erwin, a student in a seminar I taught at Dartmouth). The famous valley of ashes can easily suggest the valley of the shadow of death (Psalm 23) where "thou art with me." In the valley of ashes "thou" turns out to be Dr. T.J. Eckelburg. The "fresh green breast of the New World" first seen by the Dutch sailors is a kind of Promised Land. It turns out to be, however, not the land of milk and honey but the land of alcohol and money. Daisy's voice is full of money; Mable Wilson's breast is violently torn off; and Gatsby dies in his own Canaan, a parodic Moses. The "Jordan" in this book, moreover, is corrupt and deceptive.

Gatsby, then, is a great doomed magician, a heresiarch in his relationship to reality. It is an easy matter to identify him with the gnostic dream identified by Eric Voegelin—the gnostics were heretics who sought salvation within time—a dream replicated in the immanentizing modern consciousness. But Fitzgerald, even as he offers us this profound comment on a powerful thrust within modern and especially American culture, at the same time surrounds it with the laughter of forgiveness and a powerful elegaic tenderness. His comic-elegaic tone amounts to a kind of benediction, and it is concentrated, for example, in a scene of almost insane brilliance, one of the remarkable scenes in American literature. On one summer night Gatsby's Long Island party at last is over and the myriad guests are leaving his ersatz mansion. Gatsby stands on his steps bidding them "Good night"—the words, repeated five times have the same effect as the 10 goodnights at the end of Eliot's "Game of Chess" and, almost certainly, are a direct borrowing, *The Waste Land* having appeared three years before *Gatsby*—and then comes that amazing final scene, in which two drunks leaving Gatsby's party crash into a stone wall and tear one wheel off their car. Despite repeated comic efforts by bystanders to point out this undeniable fact, the drunks serenely refuse to acknowledge it. The scene comments on the entire novel:

> *At least a dozen men, some of them a little better off than he was, explained to him that wheel and car were no longer joined by any physical bond.*
>
> *"Back out," he suggested after a moment. "Put her in reverse."*
>
> *"But the wheel's off!"*
>
> *He hesitated.*
>
> *"No harm in trying," he said.*
>
> *The caterwauling horns had reached a crescendo and I turned away and cut across the lawn toward home. I glanced back once. A wafer of a moon was shining over Gatsby's house, making the night fine as before, and surviving the laughter and the sound of his still glowing garden. A sudden emptiness seemed to flow now from the windows and the great doors, endowing with complete*

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isolation the figure of the host, who stood on the porch, his hand up in a formal gesture of farewell.

Jeffrey Hart

Jeffrey Hart is professor of English at Dartmouth College.

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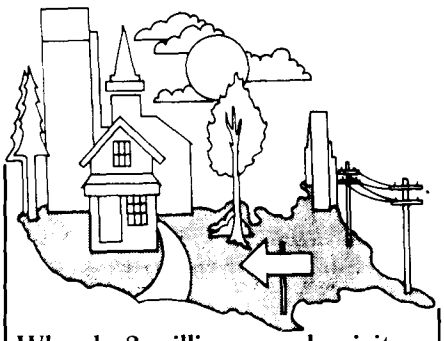

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IBM Reports

Things are changing in the office

For nearly a century after the introduction of the typewriter in 1873 there was little change in the way paperwork was produced and processed.

In the last few years, however, dramatic innovations in technology have begun to transform traditional office methods and procedures.

These changes were spurred by the need to cope with staggering increases in the volume of paperwork—the result of a broad and continuing shift in the U.S. economy toward the service sector, with its heavy demand for written communication—and by sharply rising costs.

According to recent studies, the cost of a business letter has jumped from $2.44 to $3.79 in the past ten years. And overall office expenditures have become a growing portion of the cost of doing business.

Clearly, the basic answer lies in increasing office productivity.

One of the first major steps in this direction was the development by IBM in 1964 of an automatic text-editing typewriter that could store typed copy electronically and replay it, error-free, at extremely high speeds.

Enthusiastic acceptance of this remarkable machine, capable of multiplying several-fold the number of letters and documents a secretary could produce in a day, quickly opened the way to further change.

Today, IBM and other companies are providing an ever-widening range of office machines and systems that handle more work, more efficiently. The correcting typewriter introduced by IBM in 1973 and the high-speed copier/duplicators introduced in March of this year are good examples.

Other technological developments, such as electronic communication from one typewriter to another, promise even more important benefits—and IBM's commitment to advanced product research continues unabated.

New emphasis is also being placed on improving work flow. Conventional office organization is being modified to make better use of available people resources—with impressive results.

Many experts believe that this combination of advancing technology and improved work planning known as word processing will ultimately do for the office what data processing has already done in other areas.

In actual practice, word processing has demonstrated its ability to provide clear-cut productivity gains and solid cost savings.

More benefits are on the way. More are needed.

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